# Mingled Memories

BY

James Gordon Emmons

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1650

Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....

Shelf .....

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

J. L. Emmons

# MINGLED MEMORIES

A PACKET OF POEMS
BOTH GRAVE AND GAY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
COPYRIGHT
NOV 14 1889,
WASHINGTON.

BY

JAMES GORDON EMMONS

PS1650
.E4

Copyrighted, 1889, by James Gordon Emmons.

TO

My Mother,

WHOSE TENDER INTEREST AND LOVING

ENCOURAGEMENT EVOKED THIS HUMBLE EFFORT,

I MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY

DEDICATE THESE PAGES.

THE AUTHOR.

THE DE VINNE PRESS
IMPRIMATVR

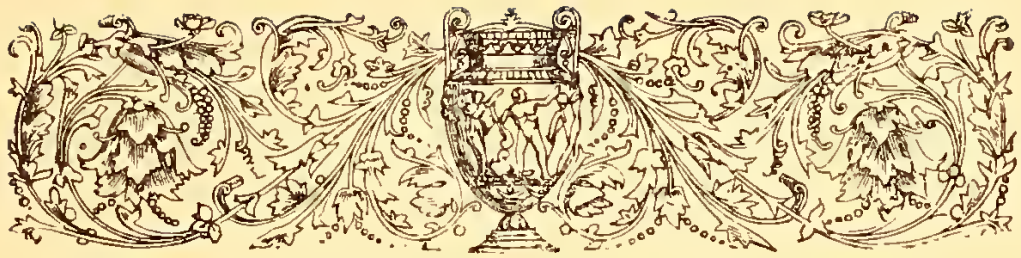
## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE mingled memories of a busy life cannot but afford, among much chaff, some grains of wheat, which, falling, perchance, in congenial soil, may yet spring up to nourish and comfort some weary heart, or help some toiler through life's lonely way.

If these random rhymes, saved from oblivion only by the earnest pleadings of numerous friends, may accomplish even this, the author feels that his labor has not been all in vain, and that some heart will bless him for his work, however humble it may be.

Then let us live our brief, allotted span
In doing all the kindly deeds we can;
Then, when we go, the loved ones who remain
Can truly say we have not lived in vain.

J. G. E.



# POEMS.

WE see them written all thro' Nature's book—
On earth, and sea, and sky, where'er we look:
There is a poem in those waving trees
Set to the music of the passing breeze;
Another in yon streamlet's crystal face,
Refreshing all it toucheth in its race;
In this frail rose, to-day so bright and red,
To-morrow wither'd — all its beauty fled;
In that sear leaf, so slowly falling now
From yonder forest monarch's highest bough;
In yon huge rock, so grand, and grim, and gray,
Which stands the same, tho' ages pass away;
In yonder cloud—a castle tall and fair,
Which fades away in the transparent air;
In the bright sun, which looketh from above,
Cheering all creatures with its beams of love;
In the pale moon, whose gentle, silver gleam
Hath ever been the Poet's favor'd theme;

In every star that shines in Heaven's dome
To light the new-born angels to their home;
Around, above, whichever way we turn,
Is some grand poem which we all may learn;
And all were written at Creation's birth
By the great Author of all Heaven and Earth.

## THE POET.

Of all odd creatures dwelling 'neath the sun,
The *Poet* surely is the queerest one;
"From grave to gay"—from lively to severe,
Just as his fancy strikes him, he'll appear.
He is a man of strange vagaries,
And ever, like our dreams, goes by contraries.
He seems the funniest when melancholy,
And grows pathetic even while he's jolly!
Ofttimes you think his heart is cleft in twain,
He wails so dismally of woe and pain;
When next you read, he's gayest of the gay,
With jest and satire driving care away.
He writes sweet sonnets to some maiden fair,
Her eyes, her mouth, her nose or auburn hair;
Describes such angels o'er and o'er again
As ne'er existed save within his brain.
His tales of love a heart of stone would melt,
Tho' he the tender passion never felt.

He writes the most of what he knows least of,
For where's the Poet who was e'er in love?
One day he writes of woman's fickleness,
The next her faith and constancy will bless;
Extols the pleasures of a married life,
Tho' sorely henpecked by a scolding wife;
Or else, perhaps, he never *was* enticed
In that grave operation—getting spliced!
He's full of good advice to age and youth;
Tells us to practice virtue, love, and truth;
Religion, temperance, all these he teaches,
But does not always practice what he preaches.
In fact, from truth he very often strays,
So don't believe the half of what he says.
For when the Muse his spirit doth inspire,
He often mutters something of a *lyre!*
But these are not the half of his odd features,
For surely he's the queerest of all creatures.
I hope I've given no offense in this,
For I intended nought to say amiss.
'Tis but the portrait that my fancy drew;
Tell me, ye Poets, is the picture true?

# DREAMS.

O WONDROUS mystery of sleep! O life
Wherein we live another life, within
A world as full of strange vicissitudes
As this whereon we dwell in waking life!
What loves, hates, hopes, fears, agonies, and joys
Do we experience in one short dream!
And are their workings all unseen upon us?
Ah, these same dreams do bleach the locks to snow,
And carve deep furrows in the brow of care,
As well as waking passions, sorrows, loves.
Therefore it seems we live a double life:
We close our eyes upon this world of ours,
Only to open them in wondrous Dreamland.
A magic scene — a world of mysteries
And transformations, strange, fantastical —
A place where nothing seems impossible!
We stand, perhaps, amid a lovely scene,
Where all is peace and happiness and joy,
When lo! 'tis changed into a charnel-house,
A hut, a dungeon, or a gloomy cave,
And we're beset by horrid fiends and imps
From which there's no escape; alas, no help!
We strive to fly, alas, we cannot move —
We find our limbs are palsied with dismay!
We try to shout — in vain! our tongue is tied
And paralyzed with terror and despair!

And so, in agony, we wait our doom —
And then the awful vision fades away,
And from our grateful souls we say, Thank God!
'Twas all a dream! a fearful, hideous dream!
Again, from some tall tree or lofty spire,
We gaze around upon the busy world;
And then a monstrous bird comes swooping down
And grasps us for its prey! Up, up we go;
Toward the far azure sky we take our way,
Until the distant world is lost to view
In the wild realms of space! A moment more
And then from heaven's vault itself, alas,
We feel that we are falling to the earth.
Down, down we speed; like lightning thro' the air
We cleave the floating clouds, yet feel no fear,
Only a strange, exultant thrill of joy,
Of perfect ecstacy — and ere we reach
The earth again we wake, and with regret,
For then we wish the vision had been longer.
Now we are on the sea — the raging sea —
Alone amidst the warring elements.
How we do struggle with the angry waves,
Until all hope and strength at last is gone;
Then, with the calmness of despair, we sink,
Sink in their cold embrace so peacefully.
Slowly we settle 'neath the briny flood,
To Neptune's grand abode beneath the sea.
What gorgeous caves, what shells, what precious stones!
What quaint inhabitants are dwelling there!
And so we gaze enraptured on the view,

Which quickly vanishes, and we awake.
Sometimes we see and talk with friends of old,
Long numbered with the dead, and then indeed
We think our other life the dream, not this.
For here, behold! they live, they move, they speak!
Alas, that we should wake from such a dream!
Sometimes we journey to a distant land —
A land, indeed, we scarcely hoped to see
Unless it were in dreams; but there we are!
Sometimes, again, we leave our human shape
And take the form of fish, or bird, or beast.
Sometimes we find a treasure rich and rare;
Then doomed to hang or — wed! Alas, alas!
Here's a dilemma too — which noose to choose!
And thus our sleeping hours are ever filled
With quaint imaginings of good or ill,
Which oft are fixed so deeply in the mind
As not to be effaced for many years.
At times they warn us of approaching ill,
And then again a wholesome lesson teach;
For even dreams, like all things else in life
Formed by the great Creator, work some good.
Our lives are merely dreams, by night or day.
Then let us profit by their varied scenes,
And be prepared for that great final morn,
When Gabriel shall wake us from our dreams.

## DELUSIONS.

As the mist that clothes the mountain
  Fades before the morning sun,
So our dearest hopes and visions
  Vanish from us one by one,
As we come in daily contact
  With the trouble, toil, and strife—
All the hard realities
  Of this unromantic life!

Earthly plans are but delusions—
  Nothing lasting here we see;
Youth, pursue not fleeing phantoms—
  Carnal joys are vanity.
Turn your thoughts to yon pure Heaven,
  Where the star of glory beams;
There is happiness and treasure
  Far beyond your wildest dreams!

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

How full of change is human life!
  How loves and friendships fade away,
Amid the turmoil and the strife
  Thro' which we struggle day by day!

O happy hours of long ago,
  How often do I muse on thee?
Tho' time and care have changed me so,
  It seems all things are changed but me!

I love her now as well as then,
  Tho' she remembers me no more;
And I shall never know again
  Such blissful moments as of yore.

For she is now a lady grand;
  Honor and wealth and love are hers;
While I must humbly take my stand
  With earth's array of laborers.

And as we love the distant star
  Which cheers us with its ray divine,
So I may worship from afar,
  But never hope to call her mine.

# AIR CASTLES.

How vain and useless are all earthly plans!
They fade before the grim realities
Of life like dew before the morning sun!
I love to trace the long, dim corridors
Of mem'ry back to life's fair, blooming Spring.
Alas, the change between the old and new!
Then all the world seemed beautiful and bright;
No clouds obscured the firmament of hope
While I looked forward to the future's store
With sweet delight and grand anticipations!
What lofty castles in the radiant air
My boyish fancy reared aloft to heaven,
Only to crumble into dust before
Advancing years! O glorious days of youth!
Thy memory comes sweetly o'er me now,
As 'mid the wreck of all my hopes and plans
I muse upon the past, the fatal past!
Here is the picture recollection brings:
A cot half hid beneath the spreading elms
That skirt the river bank — home of my youth,
Sweet home, which I shall ne'er behold again!
A little nook down by the water side,
Where oft I'd wander, at the close of day,
To view the setting sun, whose farewell beams
Would bathe with golden light the lovely scene
Of forest, field, and flood! O happy hours!

And the sweet maiden sitting by my side,
Whom I had loved from childhood's happy hour,
Made all the scene still fairer to my view.
'Twas there I built my castles in the air,
And longed impatiently for man's estate,
That I might go forth in the unknown world
To make my day-dreams all realities,
And then return and claim my waiting bride—
For such had Nellie promised she would be.
The time rolled on. At last the parting came.
I took my station in the ranks of men,
And bravely battled for the glorious prize —
That star of hope that cheered me on through all
Life's cares and toils! The goal was won at last.
My castle stood, a noble pile, before
My raptured eyes, in all complete except
The final stone, and joyfully I turned
My steps toward that dear old home to gain it.
O blest reward for weary years of toil!
My glorious dream of life well-nigh fulfilled —
At last I saw my castle almost finished.
But ere that final stone was laid there came
An awful crash, and all those lofty walls
Came tumbling 'round my ears, a hopeless ruin!
Alas, I could not claim my promised bride —
She had been won already! There had come
One mightier than I and took her home
Forevermore. My rival's name was Death!

## OUR BENEFACTOR'S DEATH.

WEIGHED down with grief at his untimely end,
Mourning a loving son, a faithful friend,
Let us our burning tears together blend,
And pray that God will consolation send.

Humbly we say, He doeth all things well,
His righteous dispensations who can tell?
Yet do we murmur that the dread blow fell,
And the hot tears into our eyes will swell.

Calmly we say we'll surely meet again,
Where there's no death, no parting, and no pain,
Where only joy and bliss forever reign,
And that our earthly loss is Heaven's gain.

Yet in our hearts sad thoughts are lingering still,
And discontent our weary moments fill;
Faint murmurings against God's holy will,
Despite our oft commanding, Peace! be still!

O God! we pray for greater faith in thee,
That we may bear our burden patiently,
Believing, trusting most implicitly
In thee through life and through eternity!

## ON LINCOLN'S DEATH.

THE sky was bright! The sun of victory
Was dawning o'er our long distracted land;
And white-winged peace, we saw with longing eyes,
Was drawing nearer, nearer day by day.
The long, black night was vanishing at last
Before the coming of a glorious morn.

O'er the bright picture came a fearful cloud,
And overspread our pleasant April day,
Shrouding with gloom those scenes so beautiful.
O'er all our land a solemn pall was thrown,
And shouts of triumph turned to wails of woe,
While tears, like April showers, fast descend
From eyes that never deigned to weep before.

Alas, that he, the great and noble man,
Should thus be stricken from the Nation's helm,
With the bright Port of Peace so plain in view!

But great Jehovah doeth all things well,
And tho' we may not pierce His deep design,
Yet will He be His own interpreter,
And one day make it plain!

Weep on, weep on,
O sorrowing Nation, weep; for tears like these
Do honor to the eyes that pour them forth,
And hearts will soften 'neath this dreadful blow.

We would not call him back to earth again;
His labor here was well and truly done,
And that Creator whom he ever feared
And reverenced in all his daily walk
Has taken him up to his great reward.

## IN STATE.

Behold the line
Of mourners passing steadily along,
To look their last upon the noble dead!
See how they come with slow and solemn tread;
See what an endless stream, a mighty throng —
Behold the line!

Tread lightly now!
Though silent here the hallowed dust may lie,
So calmly sleeping on the sable pall,
The good man's spirit hovers o'er us all;
His memory in our hearts can never die —
Tread lightly now!

One lingering look!
Resting at last, O well beloved chief;
Life's fitful fever over, all is well!
His earthly cares and troubles who can tell?
How calm he sleeps amid the nation's grief!
One lingering look!

Check not thy tears,
For we have now abundant cause to weep.
These scalding drops but do us honor now,
For who can look upon that marble brow
Unmoved? They soothe our anguish deep—
Check not thy tears!

Pass gently on!
For there are many mourners yet to come,
Who long to look upon our martyr's face
Ere yet 'tis hid within that gloomy place
Where great and humble all must find a home—
Pass quickly on!

## YOUTH.

Waste not the precious moments of thy youth,
But early seek the ways of love and truth;
Now is the day and the accepted time—
To tarry longer were a fearful crime.
Time flies, and soon the varied cares of age
Will fill thy mind and all thy hours engage.
Procrastination steals the time away;
Let not to-morrow triumph o'er to-day.
To-morrow's sun for thee may never rise,
Then hasten, youthful sinner, to be wise.
Each day of youth is now a priceless gem
Which God demands for his bright diadem.
O heedless youth, life's journey soon is trod—
Then haste to seek a resting-place with God.

## MINERVA.

THE brightest ray that shines within
The precincts of that cottage fair;
The sweetest flower of all around,
Where floats their fragrance in the air.

The fairest bird that trills her song
Among those grand old waving trees;
Her voice the sweetest melody
That rises on the summer breeze.

Her feet, as light as fairies know,
Trip early o'er the dewy lawn;
Her velvet cheeks with health aglow,
Her form as graceful as the fawn.

Alas, that one so young and fair
Should cause my heart one pang to feel!
And yet the truth I can but tell —
This seeming guileless maid will steal!

I know it, for she stole my heart,
And I have got none in return;
For she's as merry as before,
And I — well, I have much to learn.

## MORN, NOON, AND NIGHT.

The Morn of Life! How bright the sun,
How beautiful all things appear!
How quickly pass the happy days,
How fair all seasons of the year!

The Noon of Life! The clouds appear,
And oft obscure the sun's bright ray;
Ambition, disappointment, woe—
And thus we struggle on our way.

The Night of Life! Slow sinks the sun,
And slowly sink we to the grave.
The toilsome journey here is done—
God takes again the life He gave.

O happy souls, who sink to rest
As sets the sun in yonder West,
To greet another glorious day
When Death's dark night hath passed away.

## MORNING.

The morning breaks, and now the glorious light
Dispels the shadows of the gloomy night;
Base Treason, baffled and impatient, raves,
And seeks the refuge of his noisome caves.

The Hydra of rebellion bows, and sheds
Tears in profusion o'er his fallen heads.
A few more blows from Union arms, and then
The monster's prostrate, ne'er to rise again!
That famous "ditch," of which we've heard so much
From fiery Southern editors, and such,
Is almost reached; in fact, I'll even say
One foot is in it now — this blessed day!
Of his own grave King Jeff has been the maker,
But Uncle Sam will be the undertaker.
From Washington the rebs would make us beg,
But gallant Meade has let them down a peg.
At Vicksburg, too, a little brush they wanted,
Which Western men magnanimously *Granted.*
And at Port Hudson, next, the rebel ranks
Got from our gallant soldiers "down the Banks."
Then at Helena, soon, the rebel mob
Found that our Prentiss made a perfect job.
And gallant Rosecrans advanced his flag,
And put a stopper to the game of Bragg.
A *raid*iant dash the reckless Morgan made,
But for his whistle very dearly paid.
And Sumter soon will share Pulaski's fate,
For Gillmore now is pounding at the gate.
And then the cradle of rebellion lies
Within the power of those she now defies.
Thus, one by one, the rebel strongholds fall,
And ere the frost we may possess them all.
The gloomy night is vanishing away —
The darkest hour was just before the day!

## NIGHT.

O YE sweet, sad, and silent hours of night!
What strange, mysterious power do ye wield
To summon up the mem'ries of the past—
To weave bright visions of the coming days,
And move the soul of man for good or ill?
The stars are mildly twinkling in the sky
Like jewels on the broad, black brow of night.
The moon is wandering amid the clouds,
Now clear and radiant, then again obscured.
The noise and bustle of the street is hushed,
Save now and then a late pedestrian,
Whose quick step echoes o'er the lonely walk.
The crickets chirp their sweet and cheerful notes,
The Katydids their ceaseless quarrels wage,
The soft south wind sighs thro' the rustling leaves,
While at my casement here alone I sit,
My fancy freely roaming where it will.

Night is the time for crime.
When good men sleep,
The robber's bludgeon, the assassin's knife,
Do well their work—the guilty, blood-stained wretch
Forgetting that each star that shines above
Is but the eye of one who marks the deed!

Night is the time for love.
By yon bright moon
And stars what holy vows have lovers vowed;
Swearing those orbs eclipsed by Mary's eyes;
That those bright lights shall fade before love's flame;
And when away, in some far distant land,
Or on the rolling sea, *their* star will rise,
And both will look upon its radiance,
Communing thus, tho' oceans roll between.

Night is the time for rest.
When toil is o'er
We seek the welcome couch with weary limbs
And brain, and rise again at morn refreshed
By "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Night is the time for dreams.
When fancy roams
O'er past and present, e'en to future days —
Sometimes in happiness, but oft in pain —
While wrapped in sleep we live our lives again.

Night is the time for tears.
The stricken heart
Yearns for the deep, dark solitude of night
To open up the fountains of the soul,
And there, alone with God and grief, to weep
Until the pitying angels stoop from Heaven
And seal the weary mourner's eyes with sleep.

Night is the time for prayer.
When all alone,
With but the great All-Seeing Eye above,
We may pour forth the wishes of our hearts
In supplication or thanksgiving words.

Night is the time for death.
That silent hour
When all the sounds of day are hushed and gone,
When the old clock proclaims the midnight hour,
When earthly friends are weeping round the bed
And angel friends are hovering very near.
Then may the weary, earth-worn soul depart,
Borne by the loved ones who have gone before
Up, up, beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
To wake at last before the throne of God,
Where night and sorrow never can be known,
But where is day and gladness evermore.

## CONTENTMENT.

"Sick of the world!" I pity you,
Aye, from my very soul I do.

Your case is very desperate,
If you can thus bewail your fate.

"Sick of the world!" 'Twould be more true
To say the world is sick of you.

There may be better worlds or worse,
Somewhere in the wide universe.

I've not the slightest doubt there is,
But I am quite content with this.

'Tis full of loveliness to those
Who seek its pleasures—not its woes.

'Tis folly then, to wail and weep,
Where happiness is always cheap.

Extract the joys from every hour,
As bees gain sweets from every flower.

Pursue not phantoms far away,
Overlooking pleasures of to-day.

The present, only, is our own,
The future is to men unknown.

Then with the present be content,
Tho' grief as well as joy be sent.

For sorrow is the lot of all—
The rich, the poor, the good, the small.

And you must humbly bear your load,
As well as others on life's road.

Then ever keep this truth in sight:
Contentment makes the burden light.

# THE WRECK.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains." — SHAKSPERE.

ALAS, alas! would any one believe
That *thing* was once a man — a God-made man?
That wretched brute, that reeling, shaking thing,
Glaring with bloodshot eyes and stupid leer,
With face unshaven and his hair unkempt,
With tattered garb, begrimed with filthiness,
With hatless head and shoeless feet — who swears
And prates a senseless jargon to himself
While staggering along? And yet the time
Has been, and that not very long ago,
When he was envied by his fellow men —
His wealth and happiness. He had a wife
And children whom he loved, and scores of friends,
A happy home, and nothing lacked indeed
Of fortune and of good things of this world.
Daily he walked the earth in conscious pride
Of noble, upright manhood and content.
He prospered day by day in all his aims,
And all went well with him until one day —
One fatal hour — he put an enemy
Into his mouth to steal away his brains,
His health, his home, his friends, his happiness!

And look upon him now, poor crawling beast!
Alas, where now is Nature's nobleman?
Where now are all those God-like attributes
Of Heaven's noblest work? Where is the *man?*

Alas, the noble craft, so stately, grand,
The ship that started on the sea of life
Before such prosp'rous winds and fav'ring seas,
Has struck at last upon that fatal rock
Whereon so many noble souls have split,
And yonder is the wreck!

## SAVED.

O God, I thank thee from my inmost soul,
That Thou didst look upon a wretch like me,
When Sin's dark billows o'er my head did roll
To overwhelm me in Perdition's sea!

Upon the fearful, trembling brink I stand,
And backward look into the dark abyss,
And shuddering, ask why God hath reached his hand
To save me from a doom deserved like this!

Headlong I plunged into the world's delights,
And wandered more and more away from God;
The path seemed always beautiful and bright,
As thro' the dazzling haunts of sin I trod!

I heeded not the warning voice within,
  Nor yet the pleadings and the prayers of love;
A wretch so steeped in worldliness and sin
  Deserved no mercy from the One above!

But God is merciful as well as just,
  Even to those who have His anger braved;
So I, poor humble creature of the dust,
  Shall ever render thanks that I am *Saved!*

## WAITING!

Oh, the years drag wearily —
Life is passing drearily,
  But I'm waiting hopefully!

Oft despair comes over me —
I pray the sod to cover me,
  Yet I'm waiting faithfully!

Then a voice is cheering me —
I know that one is hearing me,
  As I am waiting patiently!

The task is great, laborious;
But, oh, the prize is glorious,
  So I'm waiting prayerfully!

## WATCHING.

How often, thro' the weary day,
I raise my eyes and look away
  Amid the waving trees,
Adown the pleasant path — in vain!
I ne'er shall see her form again
  Amid such scenes as these.

At times I think I see her face,
Her form of loveliness and grace
  Ascend the garden walk;
I hear her singing o'er again
Some old, familiar, joyous strain,
  And then her happy talk.

I know she will not come, and yet
My stubborn heart will e'en forget
  That she is ours no more;
And here I sit the livelong day,
To watch and weep and hope and pray
  For one whose days are o'er.

But she is watching, too, for me,
In that bright land I cannot see,
  Beyond yon azure sky;
And so I yield not to despair,
For in that home, so bright and fair,
  I'll meet her by-and-by.

## AFTER THE SHOWER.

The sun, in all its splendor,
  Smiles on the earth again,
And Nature seems more lovely
  After the gentle rain.

The rain-drops, bright as jewels,
  Are pendant from the trees,
And sparkle in the sunlight
  With every passing breeze.

The river, like a mirror,
  Lies quietly at rest,
Reflecting every object
  Which passes o'er its breast.

The clouds above are breaking
  And vanishing away;
The song-birds are awaking,
  Each with a joyous lay.

In yonder gorgeous rainbow
  Our God renews again
His promises of mercy
  To all the Sons of Men.

# POET AND PAINTER.

They stood before the altar, side by side,
The handsome painter and his lovely bride,
The words were said that made them thenceforth one —
The form was o'er — their new life had begun.
The happy bridegroom led his bride away
From sombre church into the bright, clear day.
He did not see the man of bearing proud
Who glared upon them from the eager crowd
With such a fierce, revengeful, envious gaze,
As if he would consume them with its blaze;
He did not see the hands clenched hard and fast,
Nor hear the curse upon him as he passed.
This was the poet, who had sought in vain
For many weary years *her* love to gain;
This was his dearest hope and aim of life —
To win the fair Cecilia for a wife.
How well and long he loved her God can tell,
And how his golden dreams of future fell
When he beheld the bright and beauteous prize
Borne by his rival off before his eyes.
The carriage rolled away, the dust arose
And hid from him the object of his woes;
The villagers, divided here and there
In groups, conversed upon the wedded pair.
"Happy the bride," they said, "the sun shines on —
May she be happy," wished they every one.

Thus to their homes they chatted merrily,
But the poor poet — where, oh, where was he?

. . . . . .

Years rolled away. The painter and his bride
Lived on in peace — sweet children by their side:
Beloved by all the villagers around,
No cloud upon their bright life-sky was found;
Content and happy in each other's love,
They blessed the Giver of all good above.

The humble poet, since the wedding day,
Had ne'er been seen or heard of round that way;
Some said, "He's mad," and others, "He is dead,"
While some averred a robber band he led.
Again, some whispered of a being strange
Who had been seen in the wild mountain range,
Who fled from men, possessed no worldly goods,
And like a hermit lived in caves and woods.
Some listened to these stories — some did not —
And so the lost one was well-nigh forgot.

. . . . . .

Slow sank the day-god to his nightly rest,
Behind the mountains of the crimson West;
The tall crags stretched, so noble, grand, and gray,
Into the deep, dim distance, far away;
Ledge upon ledge — rock piled on rock they stood,
Majestic in their awful solitude.
Nature, indeed, seemed sinking to repose,
As nearer drew the day unto its close.

Such is the time to banish earthly strife,
And ponder on our closing day of life —
To let our grateful spirits turn above,
And thank Jehovah for his boundless love.

Upon a rock, stretched o'er a deep ravine,
An artist sat and sketched the sunset scene,
So wrapped up in the work he has in hand
He notes not darkness falling o'er the land.
Line after line, he shades them one by one,
And then arises — now his task is done.
He gazes on it with an artist's pride —
Thinks of the fame he'll win, both far and wide,
When, all complete in colors, shade, and light,
It first shall meet the world's admiring sight.
So, filled with visions of that time to come,
And thoughts of her he'd left, far off at home —
Of the sweet welcome he would then receive
From the dear circle gathered there at eve,
He turns to go; but — what stands in the way?
Is it a spectre in the twilight gray?
His form is tall and straight, but poorly clad;
His beard is long and white as patriarchs had;
His feet with leathern bands are rudely bound,
And with a tuft of straw his head is crowned;
While in his hands he wields a heavy staff,
And plants it firmly, with a hollow laugh.
A fearful gleam is burning in his eye,
Which bodes no good to him who's standing by.

Dumb with astonishment — he knows him not.
"Alas!" the stranger says, "have you forgot?
Forgot so soon a certain wedding day,
On which you bore the bride — *my* bride — away?
Have you forgot so soon the one she spurned,
Whose heart with love for her has madly burned
Until it is consumed to ashes now?
But I have offered up to heaven a vow
That, ere the gods deprive me of my breath,
I'd wed thee to another partner — Death!
Here is the altar — now the proper hour —
The day is dead, and night begins to lower;
The stars of heaven, and yon rising moon,
Shall look upon a wondrous bridal soon!"

. . . . . .

The sun arose fresh from the glowing East,
As if by rest his radiance increased.
He smiled on earth with such a cheerful face,
As if no sorrow e'er had touched the place.
He smiled alike on all, both bad and good —
He tinged alike the mountain, vale, and wood.
He shone, at last, into a wild ravine —
A wierd, rough place — an uninviting scene;
And still he smiled as cheerfully and fair
As if the joyous picture he saw there
Was all of peace. But so it was, indeed;
The rivals were beyond all earthly need.
Locked in each other's arms, they calmly lay,
Their souls, to be adjudged, had winged their way.

Some hunters found them ere the twilight fell,
And laid them in one grave in that lone dell.
Peace to their ashes there, beneath the sod —
Peace to their souls, in the just care of God!

. . . . . .

Within a room of poverty and woe
A lady sits, whose face we'd scarcely know,
So pale she is — her eyes deep sunken back —
Her robe of mourning, sad and sombre black.
This is the village, and this is the maid —
There is the church in which we saw her wed.
Ah, poor Cecilia! she is lonely now,
And leans her hand upon her aching brow.
She's thinking of that happy long-ago,
Ere Death had laid her darling children low;
Ere *he* departed from that happy home,
Among the far-off mountain scenes to roam;
Alas, he journeyed to that distant bourne
From which we know no traveler can return.
She's thinking how she's looked for years in vain,
But still she hopes he'll yet return again;
And thus she waits and watches all the day,
And of his safe return dreams night away.
Alas, thou lone one, watch and wait no more!
But hark! she starts — a knock sounds on the door.
She opens quickly — 'tis a great rough man,
Who kindly asks for water in his can.
He's traveled far — is very much athirst —
Stopped at the cottage which he came to first.

The night was rough — a cold and fearful storm —
Therefore she asked the stranger in to warm;
So he accepted — came and took a seat
Before the fire, to warm his hands and feet —
Told who he was — a hunter all his life,
Inured to danger, hardship, toil, and strife —
Recounted o'er adventures he had seen —
Told of the dead men in the dark ravine —
Described them both. But ere the tale was o'er,
Cecilia shrieked and sank upon the floor.
Amazed and shocked, he bore her to a bed,
But quickly saw the breath of life had fled.
He tarried not, but to the neighbors went,
To tell them of the strange and sad event.

. . . . . .

Once more the villagers have gathered in
The olden church where varied scenes have been;
Once more the gray-haired pastor from his place
Invokes the throne of Righteousness and Grace;
Once more the organ's notes do sweetly flow,
Not loud and quick with joy, but deep and slow;
Once more Cecilia leaves the old church door,
To enter there again no more — no more;
Once more a carriage bears her form away —
A form of beautiful and lifeless clay.
Grand, deep, and solemn — hear the olden bell
Peal forth the sad tones of the funeral knell.
They lay her down within her cheerless bed,
Near to the village church where she was wed.

Above her head the willows gently wave,
And flowers are planted o'er the humble grave.
Here lies the form, but she in rapture roves
The shining shores of Heaven with him she loves.

## HIDDEN GRIEFS.

"Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not."

AYE, within each breast is hidden,
Far from sight, some secret woe;
There it tarries all unbidden,
And the world can never know
What could bring the cloud of care
To the brow we deemed so fair.

Smiles may wreathe the brightest faces,
Joy may beam from flashing eyes,
Merry words in jest be spoken,
All this on the surface lies;
But down deep within the heart
Bides a grief ne'er to depart.

Some may say, when they are gazing
In a face all clear and bright,
"That one never knew a trouble,
Her life burden has been light.
Ne'er a thought upon to-morrow,
Ne'er a dream of aught like sorrow."

"Hers has been a path of roses,
Growing brighter every day";
Alas, to think, amid the flowers,
Thorns were scattered by the way
And deep in her soul lie stinging,
All her joys to sorrow bringing.

Then judge not by outward seeming,
Which may all be calm repose;
'Tis the veil that is but screening
From the world its hidden woes;
Perfect happiness and love
Only can be found above.

## THE FOREST GRAVE.

I WANDERED all alone amid the pines,
Whose tow'ring forms, like Nature's fingers, point
Forever to yon bright ethereal dome
Where dwells the Maker of both earth and sky,
As if to warn all men to look above,
And keep their hopes and treasure safely there.
Alone amid the grand old Forest Kings,
Alone amid the ragged, moss-clad rocks,
Alone amid the sweetly rippling rills,
I wandered on and thought of poor, weak man,
And Nature's wonderful immensity.
And as I mused I saw an humble grave,
So overgrown with grass and bush and vine
As almost to escape the traveler's eye.

A rough gray stone was reared at either end,
But not a figure, sign, or word was there
To tell the stranger, as he journeyed by,
Who slept so peacefully in those old woods.
How many strange conjectures filled my brain
Concerning this neglected forest grave,
As with uncovered head I sat me down,
Musing upon it with a saddened heart!
Perhaps some household band, far, far away,
Was even now in misery and woe,
Watching and waiting, sick with hope deferred,
And listening for the voice forever stilled.
Perhaps 'twas here Death overtook his prey,
And careless hands made this his final bed,
And gave him back to our great mother Earth.
'Tis true they built no costly monument,
To mark the spot where he now calmly sleeps;
But these tall trees will stand in glory here,
A far more wonderful mausoleum
Than e'er was reared aloft by human hands;
And thro' their branches will the great winds sweep,
In Nature's wild and solemn melody,
A grander dirge than ever mortals sung!
So let the unknown sleeper calmly rest,
Until the trump of Gabriel is heard,
To waken every tenant of the tomb —
The dwellers 'neath the lofty monuments,
The humble poor beneath the valley sod,
The millions slumbering beneath the sea,
And the lone tenant of The Forest Grave.

# TEMPTATION.

Oh, what a wretched, sinful world is this!
How doth temptation in its various forms
Beset us all at every step through life!
How doth the evil battle with the good,
How often evil gains the victory!
How doth the devil and his wily hosts
Present themselves in pleasing forms to us,
To win our hearts away from God and good!
Oh, we do ever need to watch and pray,
That God may guard us all from day to day;
For of ourselves alone we are but weak,
And well might fall into the tempter's snare.
Oh, that our hearts were always filled with love —
Love for our God, the good, the beautiful!
For when the heart is occupied with love
No sinful thoughts can e'er abide within;
But like a great strong wall it rises up
And bars unholy influences out.
Satan and all his hosts cannot prevail
Against the holy citadel of Love.
Such thoughts as these do fill my soul to-day,
As 'mid the wreck of all my hopes I stand,
And think upon the past, and weep and pray.
My heart for long was filled with hope and love —
A love so strong that misery and sin
Could never find a dwelling-place within.

Where'er I turned I saw the darling one.
Love, like a wall, encompassed me about,
Temptation might assail, *but I was safe.*

*But now!* That face is coldly turned away,
The wall is tottering above my head,
Mine enemies are swarming all around,
The black abyss is yawning at my feet,
*My strength is failing fast.* GOD HELP ME NOW!

## THE NEW LIFE.

I TOOK a single grain of corn,
  And put it in the ground;
When, lo! a tiny plant was born —
  Two tender leaves were found.

Beneath the sun's reviving ray
  And Summer's gentle rain,
They grew in beauty day by day,
  To tall and waving grain.

E'en as the corn must first decay
  Before the blade can spring,
So we must die ere we can say
  Farewell to suffering.

For when we go to meet our God,
  And earthly cares are done —
When we are laid beneath the sod
  Our life is just begun.

## ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the leaves are falling,
Slowly, sadly to the ground;
And the Autumn winds are calling,
With a mournful, dirge-like sound—
All must die.

One by one the flowers are drooping
From the weak, decaying stem,
And before the chill blast stooping,
Sigh the solemn requiem—
All must die.

One by one the years are fleeting,
With their weight of joy and care;
And our brightest hopes retreating,
Leave us moaning in despair—
All must die.

One by one the lines are reaching
Deep across the brow of woe,
And the hand of Time is bleaching
Raven locks as white as snow—
All must die.

One by one our friends are leaving;
O'er their heads the willow waves,
And the wind, like mourner grieving,
Gently sighs above their graves—
All must die.

One by one God's choicest blessings
Are to erring mortals given;
Let us then be onward pressing
In the narrow way to Heaven,
Till we die.

## TEARLESS.

Oh, that the tide of grief would burst
Up from my swelling heart;
But not a tear doth start
To quench my eyes' fierce thirst.

Because they do not see me weep,
They call me heartless, cold;
But mine is grief untold,
Unseen — for tears too deep.

As the volcano burns below,
And shows no outward sign,
This seething woe of mine
Consumes with torture slow.

Oh, that my burning eyes could weep,
And give my heart relief
From this destroying grief,
Which will not die or sleep.

But soon the heart will break and give
The weary soul release;
In Heaven there is peace —
There sorrow cannot live.

# OVER THE WAY.

Over the way is an humble house —
A tenement house, you know,
You see them oft in this great town,
With their dwellers, high and low.
But this was a very noisy house,
And wakes and rows prevailed;
Oft have I tried to sleep o' nights,
And often have I failed.
At last the tenants were turned out,
Which stopped their noisy fun;
Over the way was tenantless,
And needed repairs begun.
The house was painted fresh and nice,
And cleaned out, high and low;
Some decent people then moved in,
And now some peace we know.

From where I sit in my old arm-chair,
At my window here to-day,
I could look in the window opposite
Of the house across the way.
I knew, of course, 'twas not polite,
But I could not help but see;
And, as they kept the curtains up,
They did not care for me.

I saw in the window over there
A table spread for tea —
A young wife watching for her lord,
And a baby on her knee.
I saw him come from work each night
And greet the loved ones there,
And take the baby in his arms
And stroke the golden hair.
They seemed to love the baby so
That I almost loved it too ;
Truly, it was a lovely child,
And daily fairer grew ;
And I saw them there around the board,
A picture of sweet content,
And I thought how happy they must be
In that humble tenement.

. . . . . .

Weary and worn with care and toil
I came to my room one day,
And sat me down at the window here,
And looked across the way ;
But I missed the picture that I loved,
And I was sad that day,
For the shade was down and all was dark
At the window over the way ;
And soon I saw the sable hearse
Drive up before the door,
And a carriage or two then also came,
And a dozen of friends or more ;

A little while they staid within,
The parents came before,
And then kind friends, who to the hearse
A little coffin bore.
So I sadly stood and watched them
As they slowly moved away,
And I thought, indeed *the light is gone*
From the window over the way.
But I also thought, 'twere better thus
Than amid life's cares to stay;
The little one is safely now
In the mansions Over the Way.

## THANKSGIVING, 1865.

Give thanks, O all ye people of the land,
For God hath blessed us all in many ways.
'Mid peace and plenty once again we stand,
Then let us lift our voices up in praise.

Sweet Peace again hath spread her snowy wings
Where lately raged the fearful storm of war;
And o'er the ransomed land a people sings,
"Thank God for Freedom! we are slaves no more!"

Before the cheerful fire the veteran
Will draw the loved ones closer to his heart,
And tearfully thank God that they are there,
While many, many others had to part.

Around a frugal board a party sits,
But there, alas! we see the vacant chair,
And hear the aged sire, with trembling lips,
Say, "Let 's thank God that we may meet him *there.*"

Another circle hath a cripple there —
An armless hero lovingly they nurse,
And nightly render up their fervent prayer,
"Father, we thank Thee that it is no worse!"

Thro' many tribulations God hath wrought
In His good time, Salvation to our land,
So should we praise Him in our every thought;
All things are well, for all are His command.

Then praise the Lord upon this holy day;
Give thanks unto His name o'er all our land;
For where is one so poor that he can say,
"I have received no blessings at His hand"?

Let glorious anthems swell up to the skies!
Let far-off nations echo back the strain!
As FREE Columbia to her feet doth rise,
And stands erect and beautiful again!

# HYPOCRISY.

Of all unworthy creatures,
Bearing man's form and features,
  With which this world is curs'd,
Turning our joys to sadness,
Filling the brain with madness,
  The hypocrite's the worst.

He comes so sweetly smiling,
Our weary hours beguiling,
  Until the play is o'er.
A viper then we grapple —
Alas, the "goodly apple"
  Was rotten at the core.

E'er since the world's creation,
Since mother Eve's temptation
  And traitor Judas' time,
Hypocrisy has flourished,
By Satan's power nourished,
  An universal crime.

Then let us shun with loathing
These monsters in sheep's clothing —
  Base things for life unfit!
Be fearless, frank, forgiving,
For the meanest creature living
  Is a sneaking hypocrite!

## NOW AND THEN.

Now and then we get discouraged,
  Thinking life is hard indeed;
Persevere and you will conquer,
  God will prove a friend in need.

Now and then a gleam of sunshine
  Cheers us gladly on our way;
Gather up each wayside pleasure,
  There are plenty every day.

Now and then the clouds of sorrow
  Darkly o'er our heads may loom;
But the sun will rise to-morrow
  And dispel all doubt and gloom.

Now and then the loved may leave us
  For a better land than this;
Shall we mourn that they have left us?
  Rather envy them their bliss.

Now and then in life's great journey
  Look for help and strength above;
God will cheer the humble toiler
  And console him with His love.

## A PRAYER.

O GREAT JEHOVAH! hear our prayer;
  Protect us with Thy mighty arm
From every tempting sin and snare—
The world's temptations everywhere,
  And every earthly harm.

Poor human nature is but weak,
  And ever prone to go astray.
Humble and penitent and meek,
O Lord, Thy presence now we seek,
  For help upon our way.

Oh, hear the earnest plea we make
  For all the erring sons of men.
Upon our souls compassion take,
And save us, Father, for the sake
  Of Thy dear Son. Amen.

## WORK.

WORK, work, work!
Some labor let us all begin—
Let hands and hearts together win
The fame and fortune all desire,
Which idleness will ne'er acquire!

Work, work, work!
'Twill keep our minds employed within,
And guard us from the wiles of sin:
For Satan finds — no words more true —
Mischief for idle hands to do!

Work, work, work!
'Twill give the cheek the bloom of health,
A greater blessing far than wealth:
In Earth's great hive should be unknown
Such worthless creature as a drone!

Work, work, work!
Better to wear away than rust,
And die one day you surely must:
Then leave some token of your worth,
To prove you ever lived on earth!

Work, work, work!
Jehovah's industry we see;
Nature's at work incessantly:
The seasons follow, one by one,
And perfectly their work is done!

Work, work, work!
'Tis God's decree that all should bow,
And earn their bread by sweat of brow:
Therefore, all ye who idly stand
Are disobeying God's command!

# THREE IN THE MORNING.

THREE o'clock, as I live! 'Tis time we were home.
My head and my feet so are aching,
Let those who will tarry — I've danced quite enough,
'Tis time our adieus to be making.
Good night, dearest friends — we will meet you again,
The great bells are pealing the warning;
Bells call us away — belles urge us to stay —
But, really, 'tis three in the morning.

Good gracious, how cold old Boreas blows
From o'er the cold icy river!
My teeth will soon chatter all out of my head,
In fact, I'm all of a shiver!
The M. P.'s skulk in the doorways dark,
Stamping, and jumping, and turning,
And now and then a hack rolls by,
With a FAIR, at three in the morning.

The milkman follows his milky way,
The butcher boy hies to the market,
And yet not a car is coming in sight,
I doubt if it's left the Park yet.
The moon and stars look coldly down,
As I huddle beneath the awning,
But they can stand it better than I —
Being out at three in the morning.

Another star looks fiercely on,
As a jolly old cove comes reeling,
Singing, "I won't go ho-home till" (hic!)
With energy and feeling;
Mistakes the gaslight for the sun,
And swears that day is dawning,
Until the good star takes him in
To lodge at three in the morning.

A dim light flickers far down the street,
It must be the car now coming,
In vain I attempt to warm my feet,
Upon the sidewalk drumming;
I'll run to meet it as fast as I can,
For the tinkling bell gives warning,
That I'll soon be snug in my bed, at home,
To sleep till eight in the morning.

## IDOLATRY.

'Twas more than love — 'twas worship I bestow'd,
And in that worship I forgot my God;
So He in justice took my idol hence,
And hid it from my sight beneath the sod.

"I am a jealous God," the Lord hath said,
To him alone all homage we must pay;
But I, alas, transgressed his holy law,
And madly worship'd but a form of clay.

I saw her fading surely day by day,
  But human love was powerless to save,
And all my hopes of happiness on earth
  Were buried with her in that dark, deep grave.

Where should I turn for sympathy and peace?
  Where look for solace in my fearful woe?
I heard a low voice murmur, "Look above,
  And find the rest He only can bestow."

Great was the sin and hard the punishment,
  But ever "as our day our strength shall be";
So all my ties are broken here below,
  And nothing stands between my God and me!

## THE DOVE.*

'Tis Sabbath morn, in laughing month of June,
The church-bell peals a slow and solemn tune;
Thro' open window comes the balmy breeze,
And sweet bird music from the rustling trees.

The village people come with reverent tread,
And sit them down to hear the gospel read;
The aged pastor to his place ascends
And prays in silence while his head he bends.

* This incident is strictly true. It happened in the western part of New York.

The bell has ceased — the preacher gives the hymn,
And then a song of praises doth begin;
The deep-toned organ swells out loud and free,
With soul-inspiring, sacred melody.

The hymn is finished — the good man begins
A plea of pardon for the sinner's sins;
And as he prays for God-like grace and love,
Lo! through the window flies a snow-white dove.

A little time it hovers slowly 'round,
And then a fitting resting-place is found;
By some mysterious, holy influence led,
It rests upon the wond'ring pastor's head!

And that position firmly doth maintain,
Tho' driven from it, quick returns again;
A crown of purity till service o'er,
At last it leaves the good man at the door.

A few short days, and then the pastor died —
Went up to Heaven with angels to abide;
He ever for the Lord had boldly striven,
And now is meeting his reward in Heaven.

So may our lives in righteousness be passed,
That we may wear a starry crown at last;
And may the blessing of a Saviour's love
Descend from heaven upon us, like a dove.

# THE CHILDREN.

Before the cheerful fire that blazed
Upon the wide, old-fashioned hearth,
Two children sat. The youngest, perched
Upon the other's knee, would laugh
And clap his tiny hands for joy
At the quaint tales the eldest told.
Both children, tho' the locks of one
Were white with many a winter's snow,
While a bright mass of golden curls
Fell round the other's fair young face.
The one had been a child before,
Almost a century ago;
So he's in second childhood now —
The second and the last! And so
I stood and looked upon them both,
So happy and contented there;
And pondered on the varied scenes
Thro' which that little one must pass
Ere he becomes a child again,
Should heaven spare his life so long.
O happy boy! 'Tis well for thee
That God in mercy drops a veil
Between us and the coming years,
So full of life's great mysteries!
Could'st thou but push aside the screen,
And take a single glance beyond,

To see what lies in wait for thee,
That shout of joy would die away,
And those pure lips would breathe a prayer
Of supplication to the Lord,
For quick release from such a world
And refuge with his children there.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, sweet one!
And may thine be a peaceful rest—
With happy dreams thy slumber blest
'Till morn shall come!

As gently lies
The evening dew upon the flower,
May slumber rest with soothing power
On thy blue eyes!

And o'er thy cheek
May fragrant zephyrs lightly play,
Wafting all earthly cares away
With incense sweet!

And angels bright
Around thee holy vigils keep,
Blessing thee with peaceful sleep—
Dearest, "Good Night!"

# HOMELESS.

Is there a sound by mortal heard,
  In all this world of tears,
So full of meaning as this word,
  Too often in our ears?

No home! Why, e'en the prowling beast
  Can seek its forest lair;
And with its young enjoy the feast
  It spreads before them there.

The soaring bird can gain its nest
  In some tall crag or tree,
And give its weary pinions rest
  In calm security.

The fishes have a safe retreat
  Beneath the silent tide;
The meanest reptile 'neath our feet
  Hath yet a place to hide.

Alas! and must it then be said
  Of man, and man alone,
He "hath not where to lay his head"—
  For him no home is known?

Too true! This world is full of those
Who thus are doomed to roam —
Whose weary feet find no repose —
Who have, alas, no home!

Remember them, ye who are blest
With friends and happy homes,
And give the weary stranger rest
Who to your portal comes.

Send him rejoicing from your door;
You'll meet a bright reward;
For he who giveth to the poor
But lendeth to the Lord!

O God! protect the homeless here —
Guide them o'er death's cold river
To dwell beyond in mansions fair,
Homeless no more, forever!

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget the trivial word
That falls from thoughtless lips;
For oft an unkind term is heard
Which all unbidden slips!

Why treasure up each little thing,
Those "airy nothings" all?
'Twill o'er thy path a shadow bring,
As dark as fun'ral pall!

This life is all too short to waste
In seeking for its ills;
Better by far its pleasures taste,
For pleasure never kills!

But sorrow—'twill come fast enough,
Our fortitude to test;
Then, be thy fortunes smooth or rough,
All things are for the best!

## THE HOLY COMFORTER.

THE iron monster dashed, with lightning speed,
Along the river banks for many a mile—
O'er trembling bridge, thro' echoing tunnel dark,
Past gloomy woods and frowning Gothic pile.

The clear, bright moon, amid the clouds above,
Sailed like a ship upon a heavenly sea,
And cast a flood of silver light below,
Where white-winged sloops were drifting lazily.

My home was far behind, and once again
I sought the city, with its toil and din;
I closed my eyes, but sleep was all in vain,
I looked without, but thought would turn within.

The train had stopped, but I had heeded not;
My thoughts were wandering back one year ago,
When to my ears a mournful sound was borne —
A church-bell pealing, solemn, sweet, and low.

O Holy Comforter! how often thus
I've listened to thy music as to-night!
How often joined the throng of worshippers
Assembled in thy walls — a holy sight!

How often listened to those heavenly strains,
From voice and organ rising to the skies —
How often hearkened to the good man's words,
Which strove to show the way to Paradise!

And that sweet girl, who sat beside me there —
Shall I on earth e'er meet again with her?
But, hark! We're rushing on our way once more —
Farewell, farewell, sweet Holy Comforter!

# TRIFLES.

An unkind word from thoughtless lips,
  Alas, too often spoken,
By which a happy heart is crushed
  And many a young life broken.

A soft caress, from loving hands,
  Upon the locks so golden,
That will be felt in after years,
  When those locks are gray and olden.

A voice that falls upon our ears,
  Like one now hushed forever,
A link in memory's golden chain
  That time will fail to sever.

A poem that we dearly loved,
  Which set the cheeks a-glowing,
But now it seems a solemn dirge,
  And sets the tears a-flowing.

A strain of some forgotten song,
  That in the heart will linger,
When memory's golden chords are swept
  By Time's quick passing finger.

Oh, we can light each other's way,
  And soothe each other's life-ills,
By little things of every day,
  Which are, yet are not, *trifles!*

# TOO LATE.

A HORSEMAN dashed along the dusty road,
Nor to the right or left a glance bestowed,
Dismounting at a noble mansion's gate,
We heard the fatal words — too late, too late!

A mother knelt beside her dying child,
And prayed to God, in accents sad and wild,
For food to save him from this cruel fate —
The succor came, but came, alas, too late!

A sailor battled with the angry waves,
Alas, no help amid those briny graves!
The life-boat came, the sailors sought their mate,
Then sadly turned away — they came too late!

A lover, kneeling at a maiden's feet,
Her love and pardon truly doth entreat;
"When I was poor," she said, "and you were great,
You left me, sir, and now you come too late!"

A sinner, writhing on his bed of death,
Prayeth for mercy with his latest breath,
But Hope hath fled and left him to his fate,
Veiling her face and wailing, "Oh, too late!"

# FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear one, a long farewell.
I pray thee, often think of me
When thou art in thy happy home,
And I am on the sea.

Though Fate doth part us for a time,
Bright hope shall in my bosom reign;
And I will count each passing hour
Until we meet again.

And when the storm-cloud passes round,
And comes the strife of wave and wind,
The beacon of my soul shall be
The maid I left behind.

And I will know a prayer ascends
From thy dear lips to yon blue dome,
For God to guard the wanderer,
And bring him safely home.

Oh! may He hear and grant thy prayer,
Who can alone the future tell;
And may His holy will be done,
Who doeth all things well.

## HOME AGAIN.

All hail, once more, my native land!
My spirit leaps to greet thee,
As on the heaving deck I stand,
And each old landmark meets me.

I've wandered over many lands
Since from thee here I parted;
But foremost in affection stands
The land from which I started.

For thee, my home, my spirit's goal,
My heart was ever yearning,
And peace ne'er dwelt within my soul
Till I was back returning.

Now soon I'll tread thy soil once more —
Soon hear the loved ones greet me;
God grant I find them as of yore,
*All* waiting there to meet me.

## THE FADING LIGHT.

Shall I repine because misfortune's hand
Is placed at last upon my happy life?
Shall I despair when thousands all around
Are worse than I, yet nobly bear the strife?

What tho' these eyes may never look again
Into those others I so dearly love?
I still can hear their voices all around
And clasp the hands that lead me when I move.

I cannot see the birds in yonder bower,
Nor the green beauty of the summer trees;
The blue and cloudless sky, the blooming flowers,
Nor the broad river, rippled by the breeze.

But I can hear the songsters' joyous notes,
The leaves that rustle as the soft winds sough;
I breathe the perfume of the fragrant flowers,
And with the waters cool my heated brow.

Life is not all a desert, tho' so dark.
O Heavenly Father, keep despair away!
Help me to bear in cheerfulness my lot,
Until mine eyes shall see Thy glorious day.

## OVER THE FERRY.

Over the Ferry, one beautiful night,
A youthful party started;
The wavelets danced in the moon's pale light,
And we were happy-hearted.

Over the Ferry! We stood before,
And, ere the boat was fastened,
Fearlessly leaped the distance o'er,
By youth's impatience hastened.

Over the Ferry—but one remains—
Hark! that cry of anguish!
It chills the life-blood of our veins,
Our very heart-throbs languish.

Over the Ferry, and home again,
But, alas! no more so gladly,
For every heart is filled with pain,
And tears are falling sadly.

Over the Ferry a soul has gone,
Over the cold, dark river,
To lands where pain is all unknown,
And pleasure reigns forever.

## MEMENTOS.

I KNOW they are but trifles all,
  Yet do I love to cherish them,
For old associations make
  Each little treasure here a gem.

Some of the friends who gave me these,
  No longer dwell in earthly homes;
Their souls have fled to other scenes,
  Their forms are sleeping in the tombs.

Some are away in distant lands,
  And I may never see them more;
These relics keep their memory green,
  As oftentimes I look them o'er.

Ah, yes! I know they 're little things,
  Yet do I love them none the less,
For they are part of other scenes,
  Of friends, of youth, of happiness.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"OUR Father, who art in Heaven,"
  Far, far beyond the sky!
Oh, this should teach humility:
  We are so low, Thou art so high!

"Hallowed be Thy name!"
Let all the nations blend
In singing praises of the Lord,
Whose love and mercy never end!

"Thy will be done on earth
As it is done in heaven!"
Oh, let us meekly bear our lot,
E'en tho' our very hearts be riven!

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Thou who feed'st the sparrow.
Oh, give to us the Bread of Life
Thy Son once brake in sorrow!

"Forgive our trespasses," O Lord,
So numerous and great;
Oh, grant to all Thy pard'ning grace,
And save us ere it be too late!

"Lead us not into temptation";
In every guise it smiles.
Oh, keep the tempter far away,
And aid us to resist his wiles!

"Deliver us from evil,"
From every earthly harm!
Morn, noon, and night, be Thou our shield;
Protect us with Thy mighty arm!

## TWENTY-ONE.

Farewell, forever, boyhood's happy years!
To-day I step forth from thy sunny paths
To tread alone the rugged road of manhood.
A man! Alas, sweet days of youth and joy,
How loath I am to bid thee now adieu!
How quick ye speed away, O halcyon hours!
As if old Time were envious of my joy,
And bade thee haste away so speedily.
Ah, well! I'll look behind no more, no more,
But forward turn my eyes to Life's great stage,
Whereon we all must play our varied part
Till Death's dark curtain falls upon the scene!
No more a child, my own strong arm and brain
Must henceforth carve and fight my course thro' life.
That it may be a course of honest truth—
Of love and justice to my fellow men—
I humbly pray to God of Heaven and earth.
To Him I pray for strength to bear the ills
That evermore attend our journey from
The cradle to the grave! Humbly I say,
Into thy hands, O God, thro' coming years—
Thro' all life's strange vicissitudes and scenes,
Until I shall become again a child—
Until I fold my hands upon my breast,
And bid the world and all its cares farewell—
E'en as I say a glad farewell to-day

To boyhood's unadulterated joys,
No more by parents guided and controll'd,
In Life's great drama I assume a role —
To-day I'm *Twenty-one!* To-day a man!

## FADING.

Now the Autumn leaves are glowing
With the glorious hues of death,
Slowly, surely are they falling
'Neath the Frost King's icy breath.

Now the pleasant Autumn fadeth,
As cold Winter draweth nigh,
Soon we'll hear the lonely requiem
Thro' the leafless branches sigh.

Now the lovely flowers are fading —
They have cheered our eyes so long;
One by one their leaves are falling,
Dying with the sweet bird's song.

But 'tis not the Autumn only
That is passing thus away;
We are fading, slowly, surely —
Growing older day by day.

Soon we'll fall like leaves of Autumn —
Soon we'll fill the humble grave,
Let us then prepare for Heaven —
God is good, and he will save.

# THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

O SWIFTLY winged Time, turn back, turn back, I pray!
List to a mortal's pleadings — stay! oh, stay!
Too quickly pass the strange, eventful years,
So full of hope and joy, despair and tears.
For soon the busy months are snatched away,
And far too soon the bustling hours of day.
Too soon, alas, too soon the moments flee
To the great ocean of Eternity!
Relentless Time, turn backward in thy flight!
Why speed so swiftly on thy wings of white?
My days of youth and pleasure fast depart —
*I feel thine icy fingers at my heart!*
Upon my cheeks are traces of thy plow,
And silver threads appear above my brow;
My trembling limbs, and weak and failing sight,
Proclaim too well, O cruel Time, thy might.
O heartless Time, wilt thou not heed my prayer?
This world, to me, is beautiful and fair.
Oh, let me linger in its peaceful bowers,
Amid the perfume of its fragrant flowers;
Amid the friends I love so well and true,
And who love me as well and faithful, too.
Stay not my lofty hopes and grand desires;
Quench not Ambition's ever-burning fires:
My mission is not yet fulfilled. Oh, stay!
Let not my sands so swiftly run away;

Life seems more beautiful to me each day,
And all the earth, doomed by thee to decay.
And must I bid them all farewell, ere long?
O Time, thou tyrant, merciless and strong,
Ah, see yon withered rose—and so must I
Prepare to fade beneath thy touch, *and die!*
*I cannot yet be old! Stay! stay!* In vain;
Time soars away, and *ne'er returns again!*

## OBLIVION.

Oh, that the memories of long ago—
Those crushing memories of gloom and woe—
Were blotted from my poor distracted brain,
Never to curse my mental sight again!

Oh, that dark chaos e'en might reign instead,
Far, far better that memory were dead,
Than thus to show the mirror of the past,
Whence olden scenes are back upon me cast!

Oh, for some pleasant memories of youth—
Of happy days of innocence and truth!
Alas, the shadow hides them like a pall,
And the dark recollections cover all!

Oh, for a refuge from my own despair!
Where shall I turn for comfort, where, oh, where?
Still mem'ry haunts me—refuge there is none,
Except in that black sea—Oblivion!

# THE MARBLE HEART.

I STOOD beside the open grave
That claimed the one I loved,
Whose life I would have died to save,
And yet I seemed unmoved.
I heard the damp and heavy clod
Fall, with a hollow knell;
I saw them then replace the sod,
But not a tear-drop fell.

They wondered why I did not weep,
Or some emotion show,
And said my senses were asleep,
And I could feel no woe;
They said my heart was made of stone,
That love I never knew,
And as I turned away *alone*,
I wished their words were true.

They knew not of the Ætna hot
That raged within my breast;
For 'neath the mountain's snowy top
Is fire that will not rest.
They cannot see the gnawing woe
That never will depart,
Till Death shall come with welcome blow
And break the "Marble Heart."

## NEVER DESPAIR.

Do not despair when trouble comes apace,
It is the lot of all the human race;
Contentment only is to mortals given,
Pure happiness is only found in Heaven.

Then why not be content with what you've got,
And cease repining for what you have not?
We all are blest far, far beyond our need,
And yet how little we the blessing heed!

Go forth, and breathe God's free and balmy air,
Go, see the sun so brightly shining there,
Go, see the fields, the trees, the birds, the flowers,
Go, and behold this glorious world of ours.

Will He who made the earth, the air, the flood,
Who gave for us the Saviour and His blood,
Forsake you now when every hope seems gone?
The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

Oh, weary souls, who totter by the way,
Who only murmur and who never pray,
Dry up your tears — assume a happier mood —
The world *is* beautiful, and God *is* good.

# THE PILOT.

THE night was dark upon the sea,
The wind was blowing fearfully;
But gallantly we sped along,
Our crew was brave, our vessel strong.

I took the wheel to guide the bark,
But all around was gloom and dark.
"How shall I steer, sir?" then I said,
"I cannot see a thing ahead!"

The pilot pointed to a star,
Which brightly shone in Heaven afar,
Alone when other lights had fled;
"Steer straight for yonder star," he said.

So, when amid the doubt and gloom,
Which oft succeeds life's fairest bloom,
And hides the path our feet should rove,
Poor, weary toiler, look above!

There ever shines a glorious star,
Which all may see, from near and far;
It lights the path which must be trod,
To reach the blest abode of God!

## THE TEMPEST.

HARK! how the dreadful tempest roars
  Around the trembling house to-night!
  Now like a giant in his might,
Now like a wail along the shore!

God help the mariner to-night,
  Upon the fearful, raging sea;
  God, let him put his trust in Thee,
Be Thou his beacon light!

Oh, many a sailor prays to-night
  For the dear ones far away at home,
  As he looks in Ocean's yawning tomb,
And monuments of feathery white!

God help the poor and needy ones,
  Homeless and wandering to-night;
  For them no food or fire so bright,
While rags hang on their shivering bones.

God open wide the rich man's heart
  Unto his suffering fellow-men,
  Then shall we see, and only then,
Much sin and suffering depart.

# SPRING.

SITTING near the pleasant window,
List'ning to the southern breeze
Sighing through the leafy branches
Of the gently waving trees;

Gazing out upon the flowers,
Sweetly blooming in their beds,
As the zephyrs seek to woo them,
Gaily tossing their bright heads;

Looking off upon the river,
Rolling by with rippled tide,
And the green and noble mountain
Rising from the other side;

Glancing down upon the cottage
Nearly hid 'mid foliage green,
Nestling there in humble beauty,
Only roof and chimney seen;

'Tis a sweet and pleasant picture —
Beauty reigns o'er everything;
All the earth is clothed in glory
By the magic hand of Spring.

# SUMMER.

Hail, once more, O glorious season!
Welcome to our homes again!
Come with smiles and tears and blessings,
Beautify the abodes of men!

Blossom, flowers, in thy fragrance;
Fill the air with sweet perfume;
Deck the earth in brightest costumes;
Summer landscapes now illume.

Spread thy beauties, grass and foliage,
Carpet soft and canopy,
Where the herds may quiet wander —
Where the birds may warble free.

Babble on, O joyous brooklets!
Over rocks, through wood and dell;
Sparkle on, O lovely cascade!
Brighter jewels never fell.

Gently fall, ye summer showers,
And refresh the thirsty earth;
Shed new life in vernal bowers,
Give to Nature all new birth.

Beauty, glory all around us —
Are we so deserving then?
No, alas! God's choicest blessings
Fall too oft on thankless men.

# WINTER.

ANOTHER Winter dawns upon our lives!
How quickly seem they all to pass away!
A year has gone with all its joys and cares,
And we look back upon it as a day.

Once more the snows are spread o'er hill and vale,
And icy fetters bind the chilly streams,
The leafless boughs sway in the wintry blast—
How like this old year's dirge their moaning seems.

A dark, eventful year draws nigh its end—
A year of strife, of war, of heroes slain;
God grant that, ere the coming one may close,
Sweet peace may smile upon our land again.

We who have health and plenty may rejoice,
And welcome Winter's gay festivities,
But let us not forget, amid our joys,
The humble poor who are not blessed with these.

Let charity and love be in our hearts,
Benevolence will have its great reward;
Remember, "Ye who give unto the poor
But lend it unto Me," so saith the Lord.

# SNOWING.

Gently fall the fleecy snow-flakes
  On the crisp and frozen ground —
Falling like a spotless mantle
  O'er the landscape all around.

Slowly fall the fleecy snow-flakes
  O'er this world of sin and woe;
Would it were as pure and stainless
  As it seems when clad with snow.

Softly fall the fleecy snow-flakes
  Over all, both far and near,
Like a shroud of death enwrapping
  The departed olden year.

Lightly fall the fleecy snow-flakes
  O'er the humble and the great;
God protect the poor and homeless,
  Who upon Thy mercy wait!

Sadly fall the fleecy snow-flakes
  O'er the sleepers 'neath the sod,
Waiting for the final summons
  That shall bring them all to God.

Let us, then, so live and labor
  That, when Death shall bid us go,
We can stand before our Maker,
  Pure and spotless as the snow!

# REMEMBER ME.

## LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

WILT thou remember me, my youthful friend,
When life's unceasing, ever-changing tide,
So full of strange and unforeseen events,
May one day bear us from each other's sight?
E'en tho' the sunshine or the shadows fall —
'Mid joy or sorrow, I'll remember thee.
Bright be thy life — one live-long summer's day,
Undimm'd by aught of sorrow or remorse.
And may the friendship which we now enjoy
Continue on through many coming years,
To cheer and aid us thro' this selfish world,
Wherein Hypocrisy and base Deceit
Too oft usurp the place of Friendship true.
These are no idle words I now indite —
Each one finds echo from my inmost heart,
Which can contain but kindly thoughts of thee.
Whate'er I am or ever may become,
I pray thee ever think of me as one
Who loved thee with a friendship pure and true;
A friendship that will never fade or die
Until the heart that bears it is no more.
'Tis but a simple boon I ask of thee —
That thou wilt faithfully remember me.

# DEDICATION.

## FOR A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

To whom I herewith dedicate this gift,
  Kind greeting on this happy New Year's morn!
Fain would I place my kindly thoughts of you
  In language sweet, these pages to adorn;
But all in vain! At times a pretty thought
  Pervades my brain, but dies ere yet 'tis born!

Of course, I wish you — as all others will,
  Who, after me, their wishes here may trace —
A life of peace, from earthly sorrows free;
  But that is vain, for earth's a sinful place;
And no one here, not even you or I,
  Can pass unscathed thro' life's exciting race!

So I will wish — not only wish, but pray —
  That God will give you strength, and faith, and grace
To bear in patience, humbleness, and hope
  The evils which afflict the human race,
And keep you in his safe and loving care
  Until, at last, you meet Him face to face!

## UPON THE BAY.

The town is fading from our view,
The banners of red, white, and blue;
The lofty spars, the steeples tall,
The smoke that hangs above them all,
Like some great cloud or funeral pall.
Behold the ships from every land,
The lovely isles on every hand,
The silvery shores of snow-white sand;
The villas fair look smiling down,
The gloomy forts upon us frown!

Now we are on the open sea,
The sun is sinking rapidly;
A strip of land is yonder seen,
The heavens and the sea between.
But in the East no boundary
Is visible 'twixt sky and sea;
The ships seem floating in the air,
So like the sky and ocean there!

The "God of Day" has gone to rest
Beneath the clouds that gild the west;
And 'mid the closing shades of night,
The beacons flash their friendly light.

The light-ship sends its welcome ray
Over the sea for miles away,
That stranger ships may know the way
And steer in safety to the bay!

Fair Luna silvers o'er the scene,
The stars attend their radiant Queen,
The porpoises play round our prow,
As thro' the gleaming waves we plow;
And in our wake, 'mid foam and spray,
The phosphorescent flashes play.
The scene of grandeur and the time
Inspire emotions deep, sublime;
Our hearts o'erflow with awe and love
For Him who lives and reigns above!

But now our vessel turns around,
And once again we're homeward bound;
The sound of sweetest minstrelsy
And old and plaintive melody
Is swelling o'er the silent sea.
And thus the moments pass away,
As we are speeding o'er the bay;
Around our pathway, far and near,
The lights are burning bright and clear:
By these the pilot knows the way,
And guides us safely up the bay!

# AWAKE.

'Twas a beautiful dream — yet nothing more,
Though I fain would wish it otherwise;
'Twas a blissful vision which now is o'er,
And I once more am opening my eyes.

'Tis better thus — that I should know the truth
Ere yet my heart became too deeply thine —
Ere all the worship of my ardent youth
Centred in one who never could be mine.

Now I can disengage these tender ties,
And though my heart may bleed it will not break,
For pity in the place of love will rise,
That thou should'st thus thy constancy forsake.

I'm very grateful for that careless word
Which so revealed thy heartlessness to me.
You spoke so low — you never thought I heard,
But then the charm was broken — I am free!

Ah, yes! 'twas a dream and nothing more,
Although I would wish it were otherwise;
'Twas a vision of bliss, but now 'tis o'er,
And I again am opening my eyes.

# ASLEEP.

In Greenwood, silent city of the dead,
We laid the father by the daughter's side,
The trees were bare above the mourner's head,
And thro' the boughs the chilly North wind sighed.

Sighed as the widow sighed, when in the grave
They hid the form of him she loved so well;
Sighed as we sighed when dust to dust they gave.
How much we loved him words can never tell.

Back to the home, in life to him so dear;
The home he labored hard to beautify.
Alas, how cheerless now are all things here!
Oh, why should good men be the first to die?

No more we clasp his hand or hear his voice —
That hand so true, that voice so calm and kind;
No more his presence makes the home rejoice,
Where loving welcome soothed his weary mind.

But there are mansions—homes not made with hands—
In that bright land to which his spirit fled,
And there the father with the daughter stands,
To welcome us to heav'n when we are dead.

Ye mourning ones, let not your tear-drops fall,
Oh, weep no more for him, the angel one.
There's One above who doeth all things well;
Will ye not calmly say, "Thy will be done"?

# OLD LETTERS.

Oh, what a strange and varied hist'ry's here!
What mingled memories of joy and woe
Come gently stealing o'er my lonely heart,
As I peruse this record of the past!
O cherished pile! Mementos, dearly prized,
Of former days and olden scenes and friends!
'Tis sweet to look them o'er and o'er again,
And mark the changes between now and then.
Here is a dainty, perfumed, gilt-edged note.
White as the sheet whereon the lines are traced
Was the dear little hand that traced them there.
I press the missive fondly to my lips,
Then lay it carefully away again —
The writer is a holy angel now!
The next is from a roaming, absent friend —
A friend whose face I have not seen for years;
And whether he is yet alive and well,
Or gone the final way of all mankind,
Is all a mystery, unknown to me.
Thus are old friendships daily swallowed up
In the great maëlstrom of our daily cares.
I take another letter up. Ah, me! Ah, me!
How full of dreadful import then to me
Were those few hurried, rudely-written lines!
"Speed! speed! or Death will set his icy seal
Upon the loved one's brow ere you arrive!"

O thou ill-omened, cruel messenger!
So small and insignificant, to bear
Such weight of fearful, heart-destroying news
As almost crush'd my spirit to the earth!
The next is from a cherished friend indeed,
Breathing such words of tenderness and love,
Solicitude, and simple, good advice
As only a devoted mother can.
Oh, may her gentle words be not in vain,
But serve as guards and shields to help me through
Life's manifold temptations, gulfs, and snares.
Here is one from the sister, faithful, true,
Whose noble, honest, good, and loving heart
Shines brightly forth in every line and word.
God bless and guard thee, thou beloved one!
It is such cheering, God-like souls as thine
That help us toilers through the weary world,
Making the way-worn traveler to feel
That human life is not a desert all.
And here are others, from old, valued friends,
All full of news, and all of moment then:
Some written in a light and merry style,
With jokes and puns o'erflowing every page;
Others, more serious, as if their hearts
Were touched by sorrow's heavy, blighting hand.
Lo, here they are at once — the grave, the gay,
The young, the old, the living, and the dead.
It seems I've spoken with them all again,
And from each letter's closely-written page
They smiled upon me as in days of yore.

Sadly and silently I put them by,
With strange emotions working at my heart
Of life and all its great vicissitudes.
But what is this? It cannot be a tear!
And can it be this hard and worldly heart
Has grown so very soft and weak as this?
Alas, turn back, ye rising flood, turn back
Into the valleys of my heart, and keep
Those olden memories green which even now
Awake while reading these old letters o'er!

## DISENCHANTED.

When first I saw that smiling face,
And form of such bewitching grace,
I thought an angel from her place
  Had come to bless this mortal.
I stood in rapture by her side
While she was being made my bride —
My heart so full of joy and pride —
  My feet in heaven's portal.

I thought her all perfection then,
As many more will think again
Until they're disenchanted, when
  They find we're all but human.
The honeymoon rolled quickly round,
And, to my sorrow, soon I found
That I was to a vixen bound —
  My *angel* was a — woman!

## SUMMER NIGHTS.

Bright Summer nights, so clear and bright!
How I do love thy heavenly light,
That floods the stream, the wood, the hills,
And all the scene with glory fills.

Calm Summer nights, so very calm!
Thy silence is a soothing balm.
Now can I rest from life's alarms —
Rest safely here in Nature's arms.

Sad Summer nights, so sweet yet sad!
Ah, me! the reveries I've had,
Reclining here beneath the moon!
My castles fell to ruin soon.

Lone Summer nights, so drear and lone!
How much more bright thy beauties shone
In those sweet hours so long agone,
When she sat with me on this stone.

Clear Summer nights, clear as her brow!
Methinks I see it upturned now,
So pure and pensive, while the grace
Of Heaven glowed upon her face.

Dark Summer nights, dark as a pall!
Thy dew-drops with my tear-drops fall
Upon a rose-crowned hillock here,
While she blooms in a holier sphere.

# FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis day! Look up at yonder silver moon —
How dim she looks! There is no radiance there —
She is no brighter than those azure clouds
That flit so playfully before her face,
And oft obscure her wholly from our view.
But mark how great the change when sinks the sun
To rest beyond yon glowing western hills.
The twilight deepens slowly into night,
And brighter, clearer grows the erst pale moon,
And soon the whole assumes a radiant hue,
As larger grows the glowing, gilded space
Around the throne where Luna reigns supreme
At last o'er all the glorious firmament!

And thus it ever is with Friendship true:
When we are prosperous 'tis dimly seen,
Or oft obscured by smooth Hypocrisy;
But when prosperity's bright sun descends,
And that dark night, adversity, appears,
Friendship shines forth in all its purity,
And sheds its cheering, soul-inspiring rays
Down thro' the windows of the mourning heart,
Dispels the gloom that weighs our spirits down,
And lights us gladly on our way thro' life,
E'en as the radiant moon illumes the earth
When day is gone and night enwraps the heavens!

# SATURDAY NIGHT.

ANOTHER priceless week has come and gone,
Borne on the quickly-flowing stream of Time,
With countless months and years and centuries,
To the great ocean of Eternity.
'Tis but an atom in the years of God,
But, oh! how great its value to us here,
When we do know that life is but a span!
Another week of earthly toil performed,
And so much farther on our weary way,
Through life's eventful journey, to the grave!
Alas, how seldom do we think of this!
To-night we lay aside all vexing cares,
Together with our dusty garb of toil,
And close our eyes in deep and peaceful sleep,
Made all the sweeter by the soothing thought —
To-morrow we can rest.
We thank thee, God,
For this most precious day of all the seven —
One day of freedom from our earthly cares,
For human hearts to learn the way to heaven.
May we improve its priceless hours aright,
In gaining holy wisdom from on high,
That when the dark and chilly night of death
Comes surely stealing o'er our waiting hearts,
We can forever bid farewell to toil,
And sink to rest with the assurance sweet
Of waking on a lovely Sabbath morn,
Whose glorious sun shall never, never set.

# THE LITTLE HEROINE.

O FEARFUL night! Wild shrieked the awful gale,
Like a huge flood the drenching torrents fell;
The thunder clashed amidst the tempest's wail,
And lightning flashed forth like a glimpse of hell!

Near to the river's bank, upon the ridge,
The humble cottage of the widow stood;
And just beyond, the long black railway bridge
Stretched through the darkness o'er that raging flood.

The cottage shook and trembled in the blast,
The swaying branches swept against the pane;
Within two females took their rude repast,
And listened to the war of wind and rain.

"On such a night, my daughter, years agone,
On yonder bridge your father met his fate,
And left us here to struggle on alone —
The road was rugged and the load was great.

"But you, my child, my comfort and my pride —
*Hark!* hear that crash, that cry, that hissing steam!
Great Heaven! The train upon the other side
Has broken through the trestle to the stream!"

"The freight-train, mother; but the night express
In half an hour will be rushing down
To certain death to scores of lives, unless
Warning be sent! Oh! could I reach the town?"

"The town, my child! Why, Boone's five miles away!
The train will pass before you reach the wood."
"Moingona then — the bridge — no other way!"
She brought her lantern and she donned her hood.

"My child, my child, you're mad! You'll never gain
The other side in such a gale as this!"
"Mother, I'll try! I fear not wind nor rain —
Now, mother, quick! give me a parting kiss!"

She bounded lightly from the cottage door,
Where the old mother stood and watched the light,
As it receded up the river shore,
Until it vanished in the storm and night.

Brave Katie reached the lofty bridge at last,
And fearlessly she stepped upon the ties,
No walk was there, where footsteps seldom passed —
Her light soon quenched, no guidance for her eyes.

Ah, yes! the lightning! How it seemed to seize
Upon the bridge, and almost blinded her!
The gale so fierce she sank upon her knees,
And slowly crawled! Sometimes she could not stir.

But motionless, with all her strength, clung there
Until the gust was past, then on again!
Her hood was blown away — her long, fair hair
Streamed in the gale — her clothing drenched with rain.

From tie to tie, slowly but surely on,
Our heroine upon her mission creeps,
And perseveres, though ever and anon
The strong bridge totters as the tempest sweeps.

From tie to tie! The brave girl's knees are torn —
The blood has stained her wet and clinging dress —
Her hands are bruised — yet weary and forlorn,
She toils away, unmindful of distress.

At length the long and dang'rous bridge is passed.
For half a mile she staggers onward yet,
Until the station light appears at last —
Gleams like a beacon for her guidance set!

The station hands were gathered in the room,
When, as the thunder still more loudly pealed,
The door burst in and from the outer gloom
A strange and startling vision wildly reeled.

"The bridge!" she gasped — "'tis broken! Stop the train!
Oh, stop it ere it is too late!" she cries —
And fainting in their arms from toil and pain
As still and white as death poor Katie lies.

Along the line the warning note was flashed,
Where, through the darkness and the wind and rain,
The iron steed toward destruction dashed —
*Stopped at the brink.* So Katie saved the train!

## OUR IDOL.

Behold it floating near and far,
From tower and turret, spire and spar,
Above, below, and everywhere,
We see the Stars and Stripes so fair.

Red, white, and blue the city's dressed,
The badge decks almost every breast,
And everything receives a hue
Of glorious red, white, and blue.

It is a loyal people's voice
Bidding the anxious world rejoice
That the great home of Liberty
*Will* stand in spite of treachery!

Our banner is our idol now,
Lo, at the shrine we humbly bow,
And swear no other flag shall wave
O'er the fair birthplace of the brave!

# NATIONAL HYMN.

AMERICA! home of the free,
  Asylum of the world's oppressed,
Whose flag waves over every sea,
  From North to South, from East to West!
America! by patriot hands
  Delivered from a tyrant's thrall,
Growing apace, until she stands
  The grandest nation of them all.

America! home of the brave,
  A world in wonder looks on thee!
Preserve the boon thy fathers gave,
  Ye noble sons of liberty!
America! thy name imparts
  A thrill of inspiration pure —
A Nation built on freemen's hearts
  Shall to the end of time endure.

America! home of the fair,
  The virtuous, the kind, the true!
Beneath their patient, loving care
  What heroes and what statesmen grew!
America! for thee we raise
  Our voices to Jehovah's throne,
In humble thankfulness and praise,
  For all the blessings we have known.

America ! home of our sires,
Bequeathed to us on gory field ;
Time cannot smother Freedom's fires —
Our birthright we will never yield.
With faith in God we'll firmly stand,
And sweep all enemies away,
Tho' foreign foe or traitor band
Threaten our loved America !

## SIXTY-ONE AND SIXTY-TWO.

Far, far adown the gloomy vale of Time
Old Sixty-one is tottering away —
Behold his locks, white with December's snow,
Tossed rudely by December's chilly winds,
And see his trembling form bend 'neath the weight
Of all the countless changes and events
Which make the sum of human life and hope.
Soon will he be engulfed and swallowed up,
With all the by-gone years and centuries,
In that abyss we call eternity ;
To us a long, long year, but scarce a drop
When cast within that boundless sea of Time.
And so we bid cheerful farewell to thee,
Thou dark, eventful year of misery,
And turn to welcome youthful Sixty-two
With all those bright anticipations, hopes,
We feel at each new year as it is born.

The dying year has seen our noble land,
The home of Liberty, and Law, and Peace,
Rashly divided by base Treason's hand,
And plunged in all the miseries of War.
O season of our country's fearful woes,
If memory last we'll long remember thee!
But may the coming year, we pray, O God,
In other ways be long remembered too,
As that in which our Nation's bleeding wounds
Were healed in harmony, and peace, and love;
In which a thankful people's trembling voice
Gladly arose in gratitude to Heaven,
Where dwells the Freeman's only crowned King.

## CONQUERED.

### GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

Conquer'd at last, O brave old conqueror!
The pale-faced foe, so often dared by thee,
Hath won the fight, and thou art lying low!
The nation thou hast served so faithfully
Thro' all thy noble and eventful life,
Sheds tears of deepest sorrow o'er thy loss.
One year ago we grasped thy trembling hand,
And tho' we spake it not, each young heart there
Felt that he ne'er would look upon thee more.
Thy words so gentle, and thy noble mien,

Thy good advice, and words of sad farewell,
Are stamped upon each heart that met thee then,
And treasured up like priceless jewels now.
Then drums and trumpets, flags and banners gay,
The booming guns and ranks of bright cadets,
The gathered thousands, with their loud huzzas,
The snowy kerchiefs waved by snowy hands,
Gave welcome to our gallant hero, GRANT.
But from the music and the grand review
We stole away to greet the veteran,
Who sleeps so calmly now beneath those hills,
So sacred in our country's history.
Fit resting-place for thee, O noble one,
Thine honored dust lies in a sacred tomb!
Those storied mountains tower far above,
The flashing river grandly flows below,
The summer breezes sighing 'mid the leaves,
The song-birds warbling on the waving boughs,
Make sweet, sad requiems o'er thy resting-place;
While over all, the clear blue firmament
Shuts out that Heaven from our mortal view
Where thou art safely in Jehovah's arms,
Disturbed no more by war or war's alarms!

# PEACE AND WAR.

## PEACE!

1861. Written before the fall of Sumter.

"Take away the sword —
States can be saved without it!"
*Richelieu.* (Act II. Scene ii.)

PEACE, brothers, peace! Why lift the hand
Against another's life,
And plunge our dear beloved land
In war's unholy strife?

Peace! Blood enough has flown of old
To make our country free —
Think on those heroes, good and bold,
Who gave us liberty!

Peace! Would ye raze the temple proud
Your fathers' valor reared —
Where the oppressed of every land
Are welcomed, blessed, and cheered?

Peace! Darkness will not always reign,
The clouds will soon depart;
And all the stars return again
To cheer each patriot heart!

## WAR!

1861. Written after the fall of Sumter.

When from its place o'er Sumter's walls
  Our outraged flag descended,
Tho' by that gallant little band
  Unto the last defended,
A cry arose throughout the land,
  *All parley now is ended!*
And from the North and East and West
  Our noble sons assemble
In such a mighty war array
  As makes the traitors tremble!
The voice of "Peace" is heard no more —
'Tis drown'd in the shrill note of war!

Ours is a great and holy cause —
  The Union's restoration!
"There's no such word as fail" with us,
  For God is with the nation,
And we'll not lose a single star
  Of Freedom's constellation.
Tremble, ye cowards, who would seek
  Our Union to dissever;
For Treason will be quickly crushed,
  To rise no more for ever,
And that lov'd flag shall float o'er all our land,
From the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande!

. . . . . .

And now again o'er Sumter's walls
That dear old flag is waving,
Replaced by gallant hearts and hands,
All toil and danger braving.

Wave, banner, wave in triumph there,
While Treason's doom is spoken,
And show the nations of the world,
*The Union is not broken!*

## "ALL'S WELL."

### A SONG.

MIDNIGHT upon the placid bay,
All nature seems at rest;
The silver moonbeams lightly play
Upon the harbor's breast.
But hark! from yonder ship a sound
Disturbs the silence reigning round;
It is the frigate's midnight bell,
And watch proclaiming, "All's well!"

CHORUS: "All's well!"—the lonely watchman's cry
Succeeds the stroke of midnight bell;
The ship is safe — no foe is nigh!
The hour is peaceful—"All's well!"

"All's well!" Then rest in peace, brave crew,
In port now safe at last;
The fearful scenes you've battled thro'
Are naught, for danger's past!
The noble ship secure doth ride
Upon the harbor's mirror'd tide,
Far from old ocean's restless swell.
Sleep on, brave crew, for "All's well!"

"All's well," etc.

"God of our Fathers," speed the day
When this fierce storm shall cease,
And bring our Ship of State, we pray,
Safe to the Bay of Peace.
Soon may we hear the watchman's voice
Proclaiming to the world, "Rejoice!"
Wide let the welcome tidings swell —
Freedom hath triumphed — "All's well!"

"All's well," etc.

## THE REPULSE.

How like a mighty avalanche
  Our brave boys sweep upon the foe,
Regardless of the fearful fire
  Which lays so many heroes low!
On! on! into the storm of death!
  Up! up! before those iron throats,
Which pour destruction in their ranks
  And shake the earth with thunder notes!

Great, fearful gaps are in their lines,
  The slain in heaps lie in their track,
Yet not a sign of faltering—
  Yet not a thought of turning back!
On, on they press, till hand to hand
  The soldiers struggle in the fight.
God give our men the victory,
  God give the battle to the right!

But human valor cannot stand
  Such awful carnage as they meet;
And then is given the command
  To cease the combat, and retreat.
Amid the rebels' hideous yells,
  And fearful shouts of victory,
Our shattered forces leave the field
  Where they have fought so gallantly.

There, on that awful battle plain,
Our dead and wounded soldiers lie,
With none to bind their bleeding wounds
Or hear their last words ere they die.
We hear their piteous cries for drink,
Borne to our ears in dying tones—
We hear their feeble calls for help,
But cannot heed their dying groans!

The cruel foe, with devilish hate,
Watch closely all who leave a trench
To minister to wounded friends
And seek their burning thirst to quench,
And from their stronghold quickly send
A bullet, which may fatal prove
To all who venture on the field
Upon this holy work of love!

Half-way between us and the foe
Our general disabled lies,
And, oh, 'tis truly terrible
To hear his agonizing cries.
He calls for drink incessantly,
But who can ease his dreadful woe?
'Tis certain death to venture there—
And who will venture, then, to go?

A man steps forth—a martyr brave—
To give his life for noble deed;
And all his comrades gather round
To bid the noble youth God-speed!

His features glow with calm resolve,
And tears are seen in many eyes;
He grasps their hands and turns away,
Amid the soldiers' sad "Good-byes."

How anxiously they gaze on him
As 'mid the fallen ones he treads!
Will he return to them again,
Or sleep with them on gory beds?
Will he succeed, and gain the side
Of him who led them on to-day?
Will he relieve the sufferer
Before his life is snatched away?

Still safe! he bravely pushes on
Amid a storm of leaden hail!
He's almost there—one moment more—
Will he succeed? or will he fail?
See, see, he kneels, and places now
His canteen to the soldier's lips—
God grant our leader may imbibe
New life with every drop he sips.

Our hero rises! Can it be
He'll safely yet return to us?
O God of battles! we do pray
That Thou wilt kindly will it thus?
Another shower of bullets fall—
Will he escape this as before?
Alas! behold him stagger—fall!
Ah! Heaven has gained one martyr more!

. . . . . .

The days passed on — we toiled away,
  Assured the fortress soon must fall;
And how we cheered when we beheld
  The white flags wave along the wall.
The place was ours! and victory
  Had perched upon our banner bright;
Treason was humbled in the dust
  Before the all-triumphant Right!

## ELLSWORTH.

That name shall live within our hearts
  While life and memory endure;
On Freedom's page will be enrolled
  A patriot and martyr pure.

At first we hear a mighty sob
  Upheaving from the nation's breast,
As mourning thousands drop the tear
  O'er him so early laid to rest.

But soon the sigh of woe is hushed,
  Another sound is swelling forth;
Too long these traitors have prevailed —
  Vengeance! cries the united North!

Alas, you poor, misguided men,
  Who seek the Union's overthrow,
A day of reckoning is nigh,
  And terrible will be the blow!

## TO-MORROW.

A SUMMER evening, calm and beautiful;
A forest margin and deep solitude;
The pale moon shining 'mid the floating clouds,
Which ever and anon obscure her face;
A sentry pacing 'mid the shadows deep,
His musket gleaming in the flitting rays
Which now and then pierce thro' the leafy boughs.
Here is a scene of quietness and peace,
Which may be broken ere another night
By all the horrors, din, and roar of war!
Thro' many a scene of sanguinary strife
Thus far the soldier hath in safety passed;
And as he treads alone his silent beat,
And thinks of those dear ones, far, far away,
In hopeful accent hear him fondly breathe
The simple word—To-morrow!

True, the man
Is at his post to watch the wary foe;
But, ah! the heart is in that Northern home,
With those he loves far better than all else
Save the dear land for which he left them all
To give his life, if need be, for the cause
Of Liberty and Truth!

What happy thoughts
And bright anticipations fill his soul!
What are the loved ones doing now at home?
This is the hour when they were wont to pray,

All gathered round him in the olden time,
In sweet communion with the One above.
And are they praying thus to-night, for him,
As he has often prayed for them at eve
When in the silence of his narrow tent,
Amid the hurry of the midnight march,
Or in the lonely hours of picket-guard?
Will they expect the soldier home so soon?
O blessed hope — to meet them all again,
Far from these scenes of war and war's alarms!
While musing thus the picket was relieved,
And sought his quarters in the distant camp;
And as the "sweet restorer" closed his eyes,
And calm oblivion o'er his senses stole,
He murmured fondly that sweet word again —
The word — To-morrow.

And the morrow came!
Calm, bright, and beautiful was all the scene.
It was the calm before the fearful storm —
The awful silence ere the earthquake broke!
Scarce had the sun appeared above the hills
That formed the distant eastern horizon,
When the fierce shock of battle broke the calm
And warlike legions met in mortal strife!
Great was the carnage as the conflict raged,
With varied fortunes, till the close of day,
When glorious victory at last was ours!
The foe retreated from the gory field,
And Freedom's banner triumphed once again
O'er Treason's hated rag!

And where is he
Who longed so fondly for the morrow's sun,
When the long term of service would expire
And he could seek once more his peaceful home
And clasp the loved ones to his heart again?
Go, look amid yon pile of Union slain,
Where that fierce charge was made on rebel ranks,
And where our brave boys fell beneath their fire
Like grass before the mower's steady hand!
Well done, thou good and faithful warrior,
Thou art now home indeed—gone home to Heaven!
Those anxious ones, far, far in that bright home,
Will hear the battle's heart-destroying news,
And watch and wait for him they loved so well
For many a weary day and sleepless night!
O loving spirits, watch and wait no more—
He is another martyr to the cause
Of Union and of Right!

God help them all!
A sad to-morrow it has proved to them
And many others in our stricken land.
But when this gloomy night of life departs,
Before the dawning of an endless day,
When wars and partings shall be known no more,
They shall be with him in that Happy Land,
Forever and forever!

# AGAIN!

AGAIN the Sons of Freedom
Are rising in their might,
To grapple with the traitors
And crush them out of sight.

Again, ye gallant heroes,
Go bravely to the strife,
Where trembles in the balance
The Union's death or life!

Again the sturdy Northmen
Uplift the battle-cry
While marching on to glory —
"The Nation shall not die!"

Again the traitors tremble
Before the coming storm,
And desperately threaten
What they can ne'er perform.

Again — the last uprising!
Smite them with might and main,
So that accurs'd rebellion
Can never rise again!

## THE "CUMBERLAND."

ALL honor to those noble tars,
The *Cumberland's* heroic crew,
Who battled 'gainst the "Stars and Bars"
Beneath their own "Red, White, and Blue."
All honor to the memory
Of those who fought so valiantly.

The combat raged with fearful might;
The smoke of battle filled the air;
But now and then a flash of light
Revealed our flag still waving there,
While fast the sons of Liberty
Fell 'neath the glorious canopy.

The doomed ship now is sinking fast;
The horrid strife is well-nigh done;
But yet, defiant to the last,
Each man stands firmly to his gun.
The billows hush the cannon's roar,
The ship goes down, and all is o'er.

But see! our banner floating still
Above the ship, the crew, the waves,
Marks where those men of iron will
In Freedom's cause found martyrs' graves.
Flow gently, waters, over them;
Sigh lowly, winds, their requiem.

Ah, gallant band, thy wondrous fame
Shall live for ages yet to come;
Thy deeds rekindle Freedom's flame
In every patriot's heart and home.
Peace to thy souls, immortal band—
Brave heroes of the *Cumberland!*

## THE LAST MAN.*

Alone, amid his comrades slain,
Upon the crimson battle-field,
'Mid death and dire destruction's reign—
He will not fly—he will not yield!

But coolly sits upon his gun,
Now silent in the battle's roar,
His duty nobly, bravely done—
He falls—the last—one martyr more!

Will ever traitors perish thus,
Or stand before such foe as he?
With such brave men to fight for us,
Base Treason's doomed eternally!

Ah, brave McRae! thy noble name
We'll breathe around our peaceful fires—
Tell children's children of thy fame
When we are old and white-haired sires!

* "Captain McRae, having lost his artillerymen, sat coolly on his gun, and, with revolver in hand, fought to the last and died like a hero."— *Report of the late battle in New Mexico.*

# OUR BEAUTIFUL BANNER.

## SONG.

Our beautiful banner is floating again
O'er the places where traitors displaced it;
And its bright folds shall in triumph remain,
Despite the false foes who disgraced it.

Chorus: Wave! wave! thou flag of the brave,
Treason is prostrate before thee.
Wave! wave! and over its grave
Millions will bless and adore thee!

Beautiful banner, whose stars ever shine
Like a beacon-light far o'er the ocean,
Guiding the humble to Liberty's shrine,
Where all men may render ovation!

Chorus.

Beautiful banner, thou emblem of might,
O'er land and o'er sea we proclaim thee;
And woe to the nation that holds thee too light,
And dares to insult or defame thee!

Chorus.

Beautiful banner, with victory crowned,
Wave o'er our Union forever;
And never again may a traitor be found
Our glorious Union to sever!

Chorus.

# LIGHT!

Lo, from the distant West a glorious light
Breaks on the darkness of the Nation's night!
It mingles with the dawn of victory,
Which gilds the Eastern sky so brilliantly,
Until the day is beaming full and clear
Where until now was gloom, and doubt, and fear!

All honor to our soldiers, true and brave,
Who gave their lives the Union's life to save!
Full many sleep within a soldier's grave,
But there in triumph doth our banner wave!

Now, on our Nation's sacred Natal Day,
Our gratitude to God we humbly pay!
He ever gives the battle to the *right!*
And wrong cannot prevail with all its *might!*
May He protect the widow and the child,
And sooth their anguish with His blessings mild!
May He be near the wounded heroes too,
And succor those who fought so brave and true!
May He receive the spirits of the slain,
Where they can never know of war again!
A grateful land reveres their memory,
Which shall endure through all Eternity!

## COMING HOME!

HARK! The crack and flash of muskets
Break upon the midnight air;
And the heavenward rising rockets,
From the mountain watchers near,
Tell us that the boys are coming —
Tell us they are almost here!

Nearer, nearer comes the steamer,
And a thousand cheers ascend
From the multitude in waiting
For the gallant soldier friend
Who so long ago departed,
Home and country to defend.

O'er the calm and noble Hudson
Music floats upon our ears —
"Home, sweet home!" its heavenly pathos
Ne'er so sweet as now appears!
Home again! the long war over,
No more toil and blood and tears!

From the crowded little steamer
Now the gallant soldiers land,
'Neath the flashing of the torches
Proudly march the noble band,
Bronzed by heat and toil and battle
In the conquered Southern land.

Gettysburg to Chattanooga,
Onward to Atlanta's plain,
Next arrive at fair Savannah,
Where a bit of rest they gain;
Then across the traitors' country,
Marching grandly home again!

Welcome home, our brave defenders!
May God bless you every one!
For the tattered colors o'er you
Tell of duty nobly done;
And the "crimson star"* shall ever
Shine aloft in Glory's dome!

See how anxiously the loved ones
Peer into each passing face,
Scanning well each war-worn hero
Marching by with steady pace.
Hear the cry of recognition,
See the joyous, wild embrace!

Up the street the boys are marching,
Cannon roar and cheers arise,
Many more now walk beside them,
Clasp again the hand they prize,
While the streams of joy and gladness
Freely flow from happy eyes.

* The above lines were written on the return to Poughkeepsie of the 150th U. S. V. The red star is the badge of the 20th Corps, to which this regiment was attached while under Sherman.

Many households are rejoicing
O'er the safe returns to-night;
Many a tale of march and battle
Fill the hours till morning light;
Many a grateful prayer is rising
Up to Him who guards the right!

But, amid the grand thanksgiving,
What of those who looked in vain
Thro' the ranks of war-worn heroes
For the prey of battle plain?—
For the loved ones far-off sleeping,
Who can never come again?

God protect the mourning widow,
Hush the lonely orphan's cry;
Be Thy strong right arm about them,
Wipe the tear from every eye;
Grant that when life's toils are over,
Parted ones may meet on high!

## A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the sands of Carolina's shore,
Where first Disunion reared its hideous form,
And like a thunder-cloud o'erspread the sky,
Blighting the fertile fields and happy homes
Of that once fair and peaceful South,
A youthful soldier sleeps his final sleep!

Far from his kindred and his home he died —
Not on the gory field of fearful strife,
As gallant soldiers ever wish to fall,
But on a bed of fierce disease and pain,
As much a martyr to his country's cause
As though the rebel balls had laid him low!

The waves beat mournfully upon the shore,
The winds sigh solemnly amid the trees,
And these are all the soldier's requiem!

We mourn for thee, my boyhood's faithful friend;
And though thy course on earth was sad and brief,
We trust thy soul hath found a rest at last
Where war and war's alarms are all unknown,
And peace and happiness forever reign!

## TO A SOLDIER.

I HOPE you are well in your distant camp,
And making the best of a soldier's life,
With its dull routine of drill and tramp
And wearisome sound of drum and fife,
When I know you bear the true soldier's stamp,
And long for the busier scenes of strife.

I was grieved to hear of your sudden start,
For I wanted to clasp your hand again,
And tell you what was in my heart;
But I'll tell you now, if I could not then,
For, tho' we're many a mile apart,
We can talk together with the pen!

I hope to see you, safe and sound,
Returning to us all ere long;
And to this hope an echo's found
The circle of our friends among,
As oft your name is breathed around
With anxious tone on every tongue.

May Good Jehovah be your shield,
And keep you in His holy care;
Whether in camp or crimson field,
May He be ever with you there,
And bring you back to those who yield
To Heaven for you a daily prayer.

# MY HOME.

WHERE the noble Hudson's gliding
Grandly, smoothly by,
On its glassy bosom bearing
Portraits of the sky;
And of bold Merino green
Can a counterfeit be seen,
'Neath the water's silver sheen
So calmly does it lie.

And the Catskills, blue and sombre,
In the distance loom;
Near their peaks the white clouds wander
Upward from the gloom.
And the last departing ray
Of the gorgeous king of day
Lingers on its radiant way
To kiss my own dear home.

Here are gathered all the treasures
This poor heart is worth;
And the greatest of all pleasures
I could wish on earth
Is within my happy home
To spend my days, no more to roam,
Till death's voice shall call me from
This dear place of my birth.

# OLD TIMES.

ONCE more I sit beneath the trees
  Which sheltered me in days gone by,
And hear the gentle summer breeze
  Sigh thro' their branches waving high.

I look again upon the scenes
  Where many a happy hour was spent,
Ere I went forth into the world
  And left this home of sweet content.

Down yonder stands the old stone house,
  Beneath the huge mulberry tree;
Grandfather sleeping on the porch —
  Exactly as it used to be.

There is the orchard all in bloom,
  Each dear old tree a huge bouquet,
Filling the air with sweet perfume
  As 'mid their boughs the zephyrs play.

And there's the ancient cider-press,
  Where I have revelled many a day;
And at the foot of yonder hill
  Is where they used to press the hay.

Now hear old Aunty sound the horn,
To call the workman from the fields;
While Ponto, rising from the mat,
His pleasant nap reluctant yields.

Behold the well, with crotch and pole,
A wondrous thing it was to me;
How oft I coaxed the "gobbler" there,
Then wet him down refreshingly.

And how, within the olden barn,
I've lain upon the fragrant hay,
And watched the swallows build their nests
Beneath the roof, from day to day.

And how I found a captive bird
Within a cage 'neath yonder tree;
The birdie got away at last,
But left his narrative with me.

How I went fishing to the creek,
And, all impatience to begin,
Ventured upon a rolling stone
Which very coolly dumped me in.

How I was charmed to see the dog
Harnessed and trotting round and round,
But moving not an inch ahead
While churning butter by the pound.

And grandpa sat before the fire,
  Baking the flap-jacks nice and brown;
How skillfully he tossed them up,
  Then caught them, turned, in coming down.

But I could not tell all these scenes
  Were I to write a hundred rhymes;
And so I leave them with a sigh,
  Those happy days — those good old times.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

What strange, sad news I heard to-day
Of the old homestead far away,
So sad and strange I hardly knew
If I should deem it false or true.
But now I know the truth is told —
Our dear old homestead has been sold.
That cherished place! Alas! how well
We loved it none can ever tell!
'Twas there we grew from childhood's years,
There first we knew of smiles and tears;
'Twas there we welcomed faces new,
While round our hearts the dear ones grew.
'Twas there we laid them side by side,
When one by one our darlings died.
There many happy years were past,
And there we gladly turned at last,

When weary of the world's great strife,
To rest our hearts in rural life.
Alas ! no more may we return,
And all in vain our hearts may yearn
To gaze on each familiar scene —
Each blooming grave and pasture green.
Strange faces haunt the spots we loved,
Strange footsteps mark the paths we roved.
Strange hands will pluck the fragrant flowers,
Strange voices sound amid the bowers.
O dearest spot of earth beside,
Where dear ones lived and loved and died,
Each room was sacred to our hearts,
For each some memory imparts
Of life or death or joy or woe
To those of home long years ago.
Now careless feet and curious hands
Will desecrate the house and lands
Which should have been to us, for time
To come, a monument sublime —
Each cherished spot to memory dear
Our well-loved home for many a year.
Where is another spot like this ?
Where can we know on earth such bliss ?
Where can our weary footsteps roam
To find another place like home ?

# THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MY FAIR COMPANIONS.

'Mid the winter's varied pleasures,
I recall that pleasant day
When we all went out a-sleighing
O'er the hills and far away.

Bells made music on the horses —
Belles made music in the sleigh —
While bright eyes with merry glances
Kept the biting cold away.

Far away from city bustle,
O'er the quiet country road —
Passing now and then a farmer
Riding in upon his load.

Now we pass a poor old dwelling —
Then a mansion new and fine;
Next, all laughing at the spelling
On the ancient toll-gate sign!

Away we went — nor sighed for bowers
Of the summer bright and green —
Better far the glorious powers
Of that cheerful winter scene.

'Mid the winter's round of pleasures,
I recall that happy time;
And for fear you might forget it,
I have put it thus in rhyme.

## THE EVENING STAR.

### ACROSTIC.

Now the twilight disappearing,
Evening shades begin to fall;
Little stars, so fair and cheering,
Linger in the sombre pall;
In the East sits Luna bright,
Enthroned the lovely Queen of Night.

From the distant hills ascending,
Lightly beams the Evening Star;
Along her jeweled pathway wending,
Venus follows Luna's car,
In her gentle beauty shining,
Even to the zenith climbing.

Holy Father, may our spirits,
As the star, aspire to Thee;
Trusting in a Saviour's merits,
That from sin we may be free,
If we seek Thee from afar,
Even as the Evening Star.

## THE TWO HOMES.

Our cottage home was humble,
  But beautiful to me;
For there we dwelt together,
  From care and sorrow free.

Our circle was unbroken,
  For none would wish to roam
From all those dearly loved ones
  And the pleasant hillside home.

But Fortune smiled upon us —
  Alas! we thought so then —
And soon a stately mansion
  Rose where the cot had been.

But as we entered in it
  Another entered too;
And tho' we did not see him,
  His mission soon we knew.

One day a loved one left us;
  We felt the icy breath
Of him who had bereft us —
  Our dweller's name was Death!

And ere the flowers faded
  Above that grave, we made
Another one beside it,
  Beneath the willow's shade.

And now the noble mansion
  Is wrapped in deepest gloom;
For all the joyous voices
  Are silent in the tomb.

Oh, for the olden cottage
  And the blissful days of yore!
All earthly wealth I'd barter
  To see them as before.

For what are wealth and station,
  With none to love and bless?
Of what avail are riches,
  When the heart's a wilderness?

# THE INVALID.

How long the day appears — how very long!
The shadows just begin to streak the floor.
What strange, fantastic shapes they often form,
And here I lie and watch them change about,
Imagination filling out the scenes,
Until I have a panorama here
As quaint and interesting to my mind
As if it were on canvas bright portrayed!

I sink into a sort of peaceful doze —
A state of half-unconsciousness — and dream
A sweet day-dream — the best of dreams to me.
How the dear faces hover o'er my bed!
What radiant smiles the beauteous ones bestow,
And gently place their soft hands on my brow
To drive these weary pains and aches away!
Confound the flies — they've wakened me again!

Hark to that buzzing in the corner there —
A foolish fly is in the spider's nest,
And now is madly struggling to be free.
Thou fool, indeed! hadst thou not eyes to see?
Oh, what a twinge! Ah, what have I done now?
Laughed at the fly! And are not others caught,
Like him, in nests of wickedness each day?
I may get caught myself — I'll laugh no more.

How sweet the perfume of those lovely flowers,
By loving hands upon my table placed!
I thank you all, kind friends, for these bright gifts,
Which cheer so much the sick-room's loneliness.
And now the night — the long, long night comes on —
At night I wish for morn — at morn for night.
I hear the crickets and the katy-dids
Keep up their ceaseless quarrels till the dawn;
I hear the chanticleer, with welcome notes,
Announce the coming of another day;
I watch the first faint gleam of light appear
Amid the foliage, thro' the window-pane;
The household bustle of the morn begins,
And little feet are pattering here and there;
The sun at last streams in upon my bed,
A golden head looks in upon me now,
Sees I'm awake, and asks how brother slept.
I press the darling curls close to my face,
And answer, "Well, oh, well enough — *for me!*"
May thy sleep e'er be peaceful — not like mine!

And now another day — a long, long day —
Is to be passed away as best I can.
I hear the birds, out in their leafy homes,
Warble their praises to bright Nature's God;
And may not I, still blessed beyond my needs,
Accept the slight affliction He hath sent
With Christian fortitude and humbleness?
In His good time He'll raise me up again,
To more appreciate the blessing — health —
A boon by mortals valued far too light.

Come, sister, get that book I love so well,
And read awhile to pass dull time away;
For that sweet voice of thine hath power indeed
To soothe the sorrows of the invalid!

## LULU.

Bright-eyed Lulu, thou art gone
To a brighter, holier sphere;
In thy young life's early dawn
Thou hast left us mourning here.

Darling Lulu, shall we grieve
That we laid thee 'neath the sod—
From the cradle to the grave—
From our arms to those of God?

Wilt thou not far happier be
With that glorious angel band—
Happier far, sweet child, than we
Living in this sinful land?

Why, then, do we grieve for thee,
Taken home to him who gave?
Why, then, feel such misery,
Weeping here above thy grave?

God forgive us! Give us faith!
Grant us, when the vail is riven,
That we may behold her face,
And dwell with Thee and her in Heaven!

# ALONE.

'Tis a beautiful moonlit evening,
And I'm sitting all alone,
Out on the pleasant veranda,
Thinking of thee, dear one.

The stars are silently peeping
Down on the world at rest,
Reflected as in a mirror
On the river's placid breast.

The crickets are merrily chirping
Duets with the croaking frogs,
Making a wonderful concert
Yonder among the bogs.

And the sound of vocal music,
From a sailing party near,
Comes plaintively over the waters
As I sadly listen here.

There is beauty above and around me,
But the scene would be far more bright
If a sweet little body I wot of
Were sitting beside me to-night.

But now — tho' the night is lovely,
And the picture a beautiful one —
The scene brings to me no pleasure,
For I gaze on its beauties *alone!*

# THE OLD CRADLE.

'Twas midnight!—all was wrapped in gloom,
The house was silent as a tomb,
Save the old clock within the room
Ticking on to the hour of doom.

Within the cradle at my feet
My babe reposed in slumber sweet;
Ill unto death, and soon to meet
*My angels* at the mercy seat.

The fire was smoldering away
And shed around a feeble ray,
Making fantastic shadows play
Around the cradle where she lay.

Upon my soul sad memories crept,
As I my lonely vigils kept,
Of all the dear ones who had slept
In that old cradle—and I wept.

Three darling ones, whose golden hair
Waved o'er their brows, so white and fair,
For a brief time had slumbered there,
And then God took them in His care.

Three darling ones had come and gone—
Three little ones their course had run—
Three gone, and yet another one
Would be in Heaven ere morning dawn!

And so, in mournful mystery,
I mused upon the history
Of the old cradle's tenantry,
As one by one they came to me.

And then it seemed their spirits came
From out the embers' dying flame;
In form and feature all the same
As when they dwelt in mortal frame!

In silent awe I watched them there,
All gliding lightly thro' the air,
And hov'ring 'round the cradle where
Reposed their sister, pale and fair.

And then they came with silent tread
And placed their hands upon my head—
"Weep not, dear mother," softly said,
And rose, with golden pinions spread.

I saw a form, as white as snow,
Amid the soaring angels go;
Up! up! in a celestial glow,
And fade away with music's flow!

. . . . . .

E'en as the fire's departing ray,
Her guileless soul had passed away;
And naught in the old cradle lay
Save a fair form of lifeless clay!

# THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

Cold, cold the lips, and cheek, and brow we press!
Pale, pale the face so beautiful and dear!
Closed, closed the eyes, sweet eyes of tenderness!
Still, still the voice we loved so well to hear!
Come, father, mother, brothers, sisters, come
And take one ling'ring look, one last farewell,
Ere we who loved her bear her from this home
She made so happy ere this sad blow fell.
And you who wooed and won her, come, draw near,
And look upon her in her bride's array;
She lived, and loved, and blessed you but a year,
And there she sleeps, "The Bride of Death," to-day
Yes, kiss the marble brow, and lip, and cheek,
And say farewell, and sadly turn away,
And, 'mid the anguish that we cannot speak,
We bear her gently out into the day —
Into the vine-clad church she loved so well,
Up the broad aisle her feet so often trod.
Step softly to the organ's solemn swell,
And place our burden at the feet of God.
One year ago, on that same spot she knelt
A happy, beautiful, and radiant bride!
O cruel Death! could not thy hard heart melt
Ere thou hadst taken her, our joy, our pride?
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"— 'tis o'er,
Now bear her gently from this church of grace,

Out from the portal she will pass no more,
And then the grave, the final resting-place.
Peal forth, O organ, all thy sweetest notes,
But she can never hear thy music more;
Around her soul celestial music floats
In that bright land beyond dark Jordan's shore.

## EVENING PRAYER.

'Twas long ago, when I, a child,
Was nestled snugly in my bed,
And soothed to rest, by accents mild,
Of evening prayer, by father said.

'Twas long ago, but oh, how few
Are left in that once happy home!
The Conquering Angel, passing through,
Has robbed us of them, one by one.

'Twas long ago, but o'er my heart
A sense of rest and peace doth come,
Though to my eyes the tears *will* start
When thinking of my boyhood's home.

And then I think I hear the tones
Of father kneeling by his chair,
And see again the cherished ones
All gathered round in evening prayer.

# ESTELLE.

O THOU sweet sister, in thy blest abode,
Far, far above this world of sin and woe,
Look down upon thy lonely brother here,
And cheer his spirit with an angel's smile!
The hours drag wearily along to-day —
The rain falls dismally upon the earth —
The church-bells toll with mournful, measured tones —
The old clock ticks with sharp and painful stroke,
As if each sound came from my throbbing heart!
And thus, in solitude, I muse of thee:
When thou wert but a little, prattling child,
The pride and pleasure of our humble home,
Dear as the apple of our eye to us,
The fell destroyer, Death, beheld the prize,
And took the tender flower from our care,
To bloom forever in a brighter clime!
How many weary years have fled since then,
And how my heart, thro' all those long, long years,
Has fondly yearned for that lost sister's love!
How much more bright and pure had been my life —
How much more pure this sinful heart of mine
Had that loved sister only longer lived
To cheer the toiling brother on his road,
And, with her sweet and gentle influence,
Allure him from temptation's dangerous ways!
But thou art gone, and I am here alone.
Alone I wander thro' the cold, hard world,
Until my heart is hardened day by day

From contact with its ceaseless cares and toils.
But one bright spot shall evermore remain
Fixed deeply, firmly in my heart of stone —
A gem which ne'er can be removed nor dimmed
Until the casket be destroyed by Death!
The memory of that sweet, radiant face,
Which often comes to me at midnight hour,
Imparts the light of Heaven to my dreams,
Prints on my brow an angel's holy kiss,
And murmurs gently, "Wait, my brother, wait!"

## TO ONE BEREAVED.

True, true, fond wife; 'twas not with thee
  His dying hours were passed,
But friends who loved devotedly
  Were with him to the last.
His mother bent above his bed,
  And vainly tried to save;
But Death, alas! was conqueror,
  And claimed him for the grave.

Cheer up, brave wife! shake off thy grief!
  Before thy Father bend,
And He will grant thee sweet relief —
  He is the widow's friend.
Look up, and see thy partner there,
  Thro' Christ his sins forgiven;
Have faith in His redeeming love,
  That you may meet in Heaven.

# TO WILLIE.

## ON HIS EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

We thank the Lord, dear little one,
That He hath spared us thee;
While one by one the rest have gone
Into Eternity!

Of all the loved ones round our hearth,
Whom God hath lent — not given —
Thou art the only one on earth —
The others are in Heaven!

Strange, thou who wast so very frail,
Dost live to bless us here;
While they who were so strong and hale
Are in a brighter sphere!

But now thy cheek is all aglow
With ruddy hue of health —
Health! choicest blessing here below,
Our greatest earthly wealth!

May Heaven spare thee many years
To cheer our lonely way,
As thro' this gloomy vale of tears
Our weary footsteps stray.

And when all worldly care shall cease,
And Death's dark reign is o'er,
Oh, may we dwell in endless peace
With dear ones gone before!

## GONE!

GONE from the troubles and trials of earth;
Gone to the loved ones already in Heaven;
Gone to behold the bright features of Him
Who lent us the treasure we thought He had given.

Gone to the angels, who welcome her there —
Why should an angel e'er tarry with mortals?
Alas! all in vain we besought her to stay —
Jesus was calling her from the bright portals!

How can we wish for her presence again?
How can we mourn that our darling has left us?
She was too pure for this sin-blighted world —
Let us repine not that God has bereft us!

What tho' the night of our sorrows has come,
We will have faith in a glorious dawning;
Striving to live in the fear of the Lord,
That we may meet in Eternity's morning!

# A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" A joyful sound to those
Who in the ring can see no gap to close;
No vacant seat before the dear old hearth,
To check the merry jest, or burst of mirth;

No absent ones in whom their souls were rapt;
No partings which their very heart-strings snapped;
No bitter memories, no poignant grief,
From which in vain the poor heart seeks relief.

Those free from such indeed must happy be,
May they be kept from sore calamity,
But there are those who, each revolving year,
But note its passing brings their end more near.

Who hail with joy each Christmas in its turn
As one year nearer toward that blessed bourne
From which no traveler ever can return,
For which God's children watch and wait and yearn.

O happy mortals! all who then can say:
"There's some one waiting for me far away,
When this freed spirit leaves its house of clay
For one immortal in eternal day!"

So thou, dear mother, art supremely blest
By Him who doeth all things for the best,
For is it not a bliss above all other
To know that four bright angels call thee Mother?

Is there on earth a greater blessing given
Than to possess relationship with Heaven?
And though one less around the hearth may be
Than Christmas saw, we bow submissively!

Our Father took them from this world of care
Unto Himself, where joys immortal are;
From sin and strife, ere yet their young lives bore
Such weight of sin as closed Heaven's door.

And then, dear mother, when the day is done,
And slowly disappears the glorious sun;
When all the scene in sombre garb is dressed,
And sad and weary thou shalt seek thy rest;

And then 'mid recollections sore and deep,
In vain shall try thy tired soul to steep
In Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
Four lovely cherubs o'er thee vigils keep!

Around thy couch the holy band appear,
The weary-hearted mother's soul to cheer,
And gaze with loving eyes upon their mother,
And sleeping by her side their little brother.

By each sweet pair of lips a kiss is given,
Then the bright visitors return to Heaven;
And then when that great day to you appears —
Which Heaven grant may yet be many years —

Oh, what shall thy enraptured vision see?
Four loving pairs of arms outstretched to thee;
Four pairs of eyes with joyful welcome beaming;
Four lovely heads with golden ringlets streaming;

Four pairs of feet upon the golden stair,
Leading thee upward to thy mansion fair;
Four lisping voices, when the gates are passed,
Gladly exclaiming, "Mamma's come at last!"

## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Upon this gay and festive day,
I send this kindly greeting,
Wishing a Happy New Year now,
And a hundred more repeating.

And praying that thy guileless heart
May never lose its lightness,
And that thy softly beaming eyes
May never lose their brightness.

Those eyes that light a happy home,
And fill all hearts with gladness,
Oh, may they weep but tears of joy,
And never those of sadness!

Those eyes are dearer far to me
Than I ever dared to tell thee;
My sun of happiness would set
If aught of ill befell thee.

For I have loved thee more and more
From the hour when first I met thee,
And though thy heart may not be mine,
I never can forget thee.

# A REQUIEM.

ANOTHER angel swells the happy song
Of a dear Saviour's love so pure and strong;
Another one is taken from the throng
Of varied trials, troubles, and temptation
That gather round poor mortals of Creation!

Cold winter's breath had bridged the river o'er,
But treach'rous spots there were along the shore,
And there the brave boy sank to rise no more,
Save the poor stiff and ghastly tenement
From which God had taken the soul he lent.

And friends were gathered in that house of woe,
To gaze on him who never more would know
Parents or strangers, dearest friend or foe;
His playmates came to see and say farewell,
While glist'ning tear-drops on the coffin fell.

O mourning parents, in your gloomy home,
Remember you are not left all alone,
And let the living for the dead atone.
The dead are happy where no sorrows are—
The living claim your undivided care.

Fond parents, humbly bow your heads and say:
"Until this darkest night gives place to day,
Until Christ calls our waiting souls away,
Until our course on earth at last is run,
Thy will alone, O God, not ours, be done!"

# FLOWN!

He has flown from the home of his parents here
To the home of the Parent above;
He is singing a song, 'mid the heavenly throng,
Of a Saviour's endless love!

Would ye call him back to the wicked world?
Would ye wish him now to be
Amid the snares, the toils, the cares,
From which he now is free?

Oh, yes, it is hard to part I know
From the brave and noble boy,
And the grief that burns, and the love that yearns,
Time cannot soon destroy.

"But as thy day thy strength shall be,"
And peace will come again.
There's One above who knows your love
And He will soothe your pain.

Then wipe away your falling tears,
And better love the rest;
Those maidens fair are now your care,
And still you're greatly blest.

Give thanks to God who left you these,
And do not murmur then;
What tho' you part from each fond heart,
You'll surely meet again.

## ONE YEAR AGO.

I stood amid a joyous party —
  Noble youths and maidens fair;
Peals of laughter, long and hearty,
  Echoed thro' the perfumed air.
Freely flowed the jest and music,
  Tripped the light fantastic toe;
But, alas! I was not happy —
  'Twas the thought — one year ago!

There, before mine eyes a vision
  Of the fell destroyer — Death;
And before him laid the victim,
  Prostrate by his cruel breath.
Weeping parents stand beside him,
  Overflowed their cup of woe;
All their joy was turned to sorrow
  Only one short year ago!

Still the dancers whirled around me,
  Still the music sweetly flowed,
Still the song and jest were passing,
  Still bright eyes with pleasure glowed.
And I, silent, stood and watched them
  While I prayed they ne'er would know
Such a grief as I was bearing,
  Thinking of one year ago!

# GOING HOME.

## WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I STOOD beside the Christian's bed,
  Where he would soon be sleeping
The peaceful slumber of the dead,
  While friends around were weeping.
They gently raise his dying head —
  His eyes were full of sadness;
"Ah! but for leaving you," he said,
  "I'd meet the end with gladness."

"Farewell, dear ones, I'm going now —
  My strength is fast abating;
The hand of Death is on my brow,
  And angel guides are waiting.
There's sweetest music in my ears,
  And lovely forms I'm seeing,
As from this wicked vale of tears
  My ransom'd soul is fleeing!

"Why do ye weep? I do not die!
  My life is just beginning —
A better life beyond the sky,
  Where there's no woe or sinning.
Farewell! Oh, strive to meet me there —
  See! see! the vail is riven!
Behold the spirits white and fair —
  They call me hence to Heaven!"

## WHEN GOOD MEN DIE.

When good men die we know they are at rest,
Where earthly sorrows can no more abide;
We know they wait for those they leave behind,
Until once more they're standing side by side.

When good men die, oh, why should we repine?
We surely would not call them back again.
They only go before a little time,
While we a little longer must remain.

When good men die, as this one lately died,
God only passes nearer than before;
Each one that's taken coming nearer still,
Until Death knocks at last at our own door.

When good men die 'tis very hard to part,
And hard to murmur, "God, Thy will be done";
But Time, the great physician, with his art,
Can heal at last the wounded suffering one.

When good men die, as this good man has died,
Surrounded by the loved ones of his heart,
At peace with God — at peace with all mankind —
Oh! then 'tis not such agony to part.

The good man died. He said he'd wait for you
In that bright land prepared for Christian homes,
There you will meet to dwell forevermore,
Where death, or woe, or parting cannot come.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Our friend is gone! Gone in his prime,
Across the deep, dark river;
Alas, we thought, before his time
He sank to sleep forever!

"Asleep in Jesus," let us hope,
And labor *there* to meet him;
And even as we did on earth,
With friendship's hand to greet him.

"In the midst of life we are in death,"
The Holy Scriptures teach us;
We know not when that fatal breath
Or icy hand may reach us.

O God! prepare us for the hour
When this cold touch is given;
For Thou alone hast will and power
To guide our souls to Heaven.

## ARTHUR LEE.

THERE'S no more pain or sorrow for thy heart.
We'll take a last, long, lingering look on thee,
Then lay thee gently where the willows wave,
And bid a sad farewell to Arthur Lee.

So young, so noble, so endeared to all,
We thought it hard that God should covet thee;
I fear we murmured at His holy will,
When the dread summons came for Arthur Lee.

Yet it is well, tho' we may think it not;
All's ill on earth, and ill was earth to thee.
Better, far better, art thou now, brave boy,
Tho' we do miss thee so, poor Arthur Lee.

Perchance thy spirit watches o'er us here,
We see thee not, but we are known to thee;
Those angel lips may press a mother's brow
While she doth sleep and dream of Arthur Lee.

'Twill not be long that we must dwell apart,
Life's but a span, and soon we'll be with thee;
We'll meet thee at the pearly gate of Heaven,
And gladly enter in with Arthur Lee.

# AMELIA.

FREE, free, at last, from every pain,
In that blest home above;
Where fell disease can ne'er again
Approach the precious dove.

Too sweet a rose to blossom here —
For earth too rare a gem;
God took her to a higher sphere,
To grace His diadem.

So patient under all her woes —
So full of hope and grace;
An angel here, she but arose
To fill an angel's place.

I'll ne'er forget those lustrous eyes,
And that sweet, pensive face,
Deep in my heart the impress lies,
Which time cannot erase.

Farewell — a sad farewell to thee —
Thou chosen one of Heaven;
And may we live, as pure as she,
The lives our God hath given.

# THE SILENT CITY.

In habitations grand and beautiful,
Of snow-white marble and of sombre stone —
'Neath waving willows in the lonely dells —
Beside the placid, overshadowed lakes —
'Neath humble mounds, ranged closely side by side —
In tombs of every form and kind they sleep —
The silent city's quiet denizens!
Only the song-birds in their leafy homes,
The sighing winds amid the drooping boughs,
And now and then another resident,
Arriving in the plumed and sable hearse,
Disturbs the deep and solemn solitude.
The rich man slumbers peacefully at last,
No longer fearful for his worldly gains;
The poor man's struggles are forever o'er,
And from his toils he finds a calm repose.
The great and lowly here together rest,
And sleep alike the peaceful sleep of death.
Here are no princes with their grand estates —
No peasants striving for the bread of life —
No caste in this grand city — all are dust!
Death is a wondrous leveler, indeed,
And he who lies beneath this humble slab
Will rise again at Resurrection Day,
With him who occupies yon marble vault
Of massive structure and of quaint design.

This is the place to muse on human life!
All our fierce struggles here for paltry pelf —
All our ambitious hopes of worldly fame —
All calculations for our future course —
All castles rising lightly in the air —
All these must vanish at the touch of Death,
And nothing then remains for us on earth
Except a resting-place within its breast.
No matter whether tow'ring monument
Or simple headstone mark the final spot;
'Tis but a grave — another dwelling-place
Among the silent mansions of the dead!

I sadly wander thro' the quiet streets,
*Alone*, with thousands sleeping all around,
And wonder when I too may go to rest!
O thou great Arbiter of Life and Death,
I ask no grand mausoleum on earth
When I am far from mortal deeds and scenes,
For Time will crumble all these piles away,
While rolling onward to Eternity!
Give me a mansion in the far-off skies,
A home with Thee in that bright spirit-land,
Which shall endure for countless centuries,
When all the dwellers in these silent homes
Shall have arisen from their dreamless sleep,
To be adjudged by Thee, the good and just!

# RESIGNATION.

Weighed down with grief at his untimely end,
Mourning a loving son, a faithful friend,
Let us our burning tears together blend,
And pray that God will consolation send.

Humbly we say, "He doeth all things well;
His righteous dispensations who can tell?"
Yet did we murmur when the fierce blow fell,
And the hot tears into our eyes did swell.

Calmly we say we'll surely meet again,
Where there's no death, no parting, and no pain —
Where only joy and bliss forever reign,
And that our earthly loss is Heaven's gain.

Yet in our hearts sad thoughts are ling'ring still,
And discontent our weary moments fill —
Faint murmurings against God's holy will —
Despite our oft commanding, "Peace! be still!"

O God! we pray for greater faith in Thee,
That we may bear our burthens patiently,
Believing, trusting most implicitly
In Thee thro' life and thro' eternity.

# LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE is a fearfully tempestuous sea,
Upon whose heaving breast we mortals toss
'Mid angry waves of human care and strife;
And oft we sink so far within their depths
We scarce can rise again above their grasp.
But even "as our day our strength shall be,"
And so at last we struggle up again,
While Time, that wonderful physician, comes,
And pours his balm upon the wounded hearts;
And soon we gather up our strength again
To buffet with life's quick succeeding waves.
And so we're striving vainly day by day
In foolish hope to reach the goal of peace,
Unaided by the holy power of God,
Until a wave comes in its fearful might,
Which it were useless striving to resist,
And, sweeping o'er us with tremendous power,
Engulfs us in its cold and dark embrace —
And this is death!

O happy, fearless souls,
Who have the help of God to cheer them on
O'er life's tempestuous and treacherous sea,
Through Death's abyss into Eternity!

## AT REST!

Far from all sorrow her spirit hath flown,
Up to the Saviour who calls her his own;
There, in those mansions where care is unknown,
She is at rest!

Gladly she yielded when Death bade her come,
Gladly she looked for the Heavenly home,
Where her lone spirit no longer should roam,
But be at rest!

Fold her hands gently, then, over her breast,
She is angel now, there with the blest,
God, we know, doeth all things for the best —
Lay her at rest!

And thou, who wast sworn to love and protect,
And suffered the frail one to die of neglect,
What mercy canst thou of a just God expect?
*For thee is no rest.*

## THE DAWN OF LOVE.

As bright Aurora smiles upon the earth
From the far Eastern hills,
So gentle love comes stealing o'er my heart,
And joy my spirit thrills!

I would not barter this sweet hope of mine
For all the wealth I see.
The waving tresses of her auburn hair
Are gold enough for me!

I would not give one of those radiant smiles
For morning's brightest beams!
Her presence fills my soul with ecstacy
Beyond my wildest dreams!

I would not change one gleam of those bright eyes,
Of deepest, purest blue,
For all the beauties of a summer sky,
And heaven's azure hue!

She is my light, my love, my star of hope,
Amid this world of strife,
And to her earthly peace and happiness
I dedicate my life!

# LOVE.

O Love! thou art a conqueror, indeed,
For prince and peasant bow alike to thee;
The rich, the poor, the freeman, and the slave,
Approach thy throne in deep humility!

Most willing captives they — tho' bound as strong
As if in iron chains, they would not flee.
Their bonds are silken, and their captor — ah!
From such sweet bondage who would e'er be free?

Love is a wonderful magician, too,
Who changes all things by his magic power;
Transforms the darkness into radiant day,
And makes the barren waste a lovely bower!

Beneath the sway of Love all sin departs —
Our thoughts arise beyond this humble sphere;
And where but winter reigned within the heart,
Love makes a blooming summer all the year!

The very sun shines brighter from above —
Upon the air a sweeter fragrance floats;
While e'en the birds, up in their leafy homes,
Pour forth their music in more joyous notes!

All Nature seems more beautiful and grand,
And all mankind more generous and true;
While sweet contentment enters in the mind,
Bestowing joy and happiness anew!

O Love! this life were desolate, indeed,
Did'st thou not cheer poor mortals with thy smile;
Therefore we bless the world's great conqueror,
And bear our bondage patiently the while!

## MY LOVE.

My love is not a lady grand,
No costly silken robe wears she;
But in her silken garments clad
She seems a very queen to me.

Yet she hath riches, tho' so poor —
Her ruby lips and teeth of pearl,
Her eyes that flash like diamonds,
Her wealth in every golden curl!

She hath no servants at her call,
To do her bidding speedily;
But one is ever lingering near,
And that's her humble servant — me.

She liveth in no mansion grand,
But in a tenement so high;
She is my angel — so 'tis right
An angel should live near the sky.

And I am most supremely blest,
Up in that attic room at even,
For with her head upon my breast
It does seem very much like Heaven.

# ANOTHER.

ANOTHER soul departed to explore
The mysteries of that great spirit-land!
Another victim to the spoiler, Death!
How near, how very near he came this time!
So near I almost felt his icy breath
Sweep like the northern blast across my cheek;
So near, I almost heard his flapping wings
Break thro' the stillness of the midnight gloom;
So near, I almost felt his fingers grasp
The very fibres of my throbbing heart.
So near! And yet he will come nearer still!
When next the pale king shall approach our home,
It may be with a summons from my God
For me to leave all earthly things at once
And take the journey to the other land.
I see them leaving daily all around,
And yet do I resolve, and plan, and hope,
As if this life were the whole end of man!
I stand aghast to find Death come so near;
But time at last dispels the awful shock,
And still I travel in the same old road.
I see my friends and playmates of old times
Drop, one by one, into the yawning grave;
And yet I cannot realize the truth
That I must surely die as well as they;
That I must crumble into dust again,
And silent rest till Resurrection Day!

O gracious God ! let all men feel the truth
That earth is not our sole abiding place ;
That we must leave it for another world,
And leave this life for yet another life,
To which there never comes the night of Death.
So shall we be prepared at any time
When the great conqueror of man appears,
To meet him not as the grim tyrant Death,
Who comes to tear us from our worldly joys,
But as our great deliverer from earth,
With all its countless cares and weary woes ;
As one who is most welcome as our guide
To light our souls from darkness and from sin,
Up to the better land beyond the sky,
Where all is brightness, happiness, and peace !

# ANOTHER'S!

See how he stoops to kiss her hand,
And see him place the wedding-ring;
See how she looks up in his face,
With all the love a look can bring!

Hear how she promises, 'fore God,
To love, and honor, and obey!
The mockery, at last, is o'er;
They turn to leave — they come this way!

I'll stand aside, and see them pass —
O friendly pillar, shield me now;
I would not have them, for the world,
See what is written on my brow!

See how she leans upon *his* arm —
Her garments touched me as they passed;
She saw me not, but I, alas!
I looked upon her *for the last!*

They leave the church, and I'm *alone!*
O God! this scene I'll ne'er forget.
They go, and with them goes the day —
My sun of happiness has set!

# I CANNOT LOVE ANOTHER.

I CANNOT love another,
For my heart is wholly thine,
And I pray both night and morning
That I may call thee mine.
I have loved thee well and truly
Since long ago we met,
And thy kindness to the stranger
I never can forget.

I cannot love another,
For there are none like thee;
Thy beauty and thy virtues
Are all the world to me.
I see thy form before me,
I hear thy gentle voice,
And a spirit bright comes o'er me,
Which makes my soul rejoice.

I cannot love another,
Tho' I live a thousand years,
And life to me without thee
Would be a vale of tears.
But whether thou dost love me,
Or cast me off from thee,
I cannot love another —
I will be true to thee.

## THE TRANSFORMATION.

Do you remember, lady, of the night
We sat together near the glowing grate,
And passed the moments pleasantly away
In friendly converse upon divers themes?

We were alone; and all was silent there
Save our own voices, and the crack'ling blaze,
Which cast a fitful light about the room,
Revealing weird, fantastic forms around,
As the deep shadows trembled on the walls!

We spake of love and friendship in their turn;
Of peace and war; of poverty and wealth;
Of olden times, and of the days to come;
Of all our hopes and fears, our cares and joys,
Until it seemed that we were friends of years,
Who had together dwelt from childhood up;
Or else a brother and a sister dear,
Repeating there, in holy confidence,
The sacred workings of each other's hearts!

At last our thoughts turned from the things of earth,
Unto the better land, far, far away,
Above the stars, which shone so bright without.
I listened to the words that left your lips,

As though it was an angel's voice, indeed,
Which fell like heavenly music on my ears,
As you described the glories of a dream
Wherein was pictured forth the Home of God.

Sweeter and sweeter grew the tones I heard,
And I, enraptured, uttered not a word;
But gazed upon your sweet and radiant face,
As though I saw the beauties you portrayed.
The air seemed filled with a celestial light—
Around your head I saw a halo bright—
A robe of spotless white enwrapped your form,
Which seemed to float in air on pinions spread—
A fleecy cloud encompassed you around,
And heavenly incense rose throughout the place!

I could have fallen prostrate at your feet,
And worshiped you as one indeed from Heaven,
But then the vision vanished from my sight!
I heard no more the music of your voice;
I only saw the fire within the grate—
The grotesque shadows dancing on the wall,
And you still sitting in the waning light!
But still that radiance lingered round your face,
And to this day I never think of you
Save as a being from a better sphere—
An angel come to cheer my lonely way!

# WHY?

WHY come the blushes to my cheek,
When one sweet voice is heard?
And pit-a-pat my heart doth beat,
Just like a fluttering bird?

Why do I tremble, when those eyes
So beautiful meet mine?
It were enough of paradise
Could they but on *me* shine.

Why is it that I cannot speak
When sitting by her side?
I sought to tell her something sweet,
'Twas all in vain I tried.

Why do I tremble, stammer, blush,
When that soft hand I clasp?
Oh, that I could retain it thus
For life, in loving grasp!

Why is it there's no joy for me
When she is from my sight?
Her presence is the sun to me,
She goes — and all is night!

Ah, me! the problem must be solved,
This very day I'll try;
To ask her this, I am resolved,
If she can tell me — why?

## HALLOWED.

I WANDER thro' the sylvan paths,
Where we have roved in bygone days,
Beneath the shadow of the trees —
Amid the song-birds' sweetest lays.

I sit beside the purling brook,
Upon the same old moss-clad stone,
And listen for your well-loved voice,
Alas! in vain — I'm all alone!

And every tree around me here,
And every path so often trod,
And every rock and murm'ring stream,
And every flower that decks the sod,

Is hallowed to thy memory,
And to those days of youthful love,
Which made for me a Heaven on earth —
Oh, may they be renewed above!

# FAR AWAY.

A BRIGHT day-dream comes over me,
As I ponder here to-day;
Dear faces shine before me
Which are very far away.

Ah! such a lovely vision —
A large and pleasant room,
A cheerful fire is blazing,
Dispelling all the gloom;

Around the hearth are gathered
The happy household band,
The old man slowly reading
From the good book in his hand;

The kind old lady knitting,
The children at their play —
It is a lovely picture
That seems so far away.

But, ah! the fairest portion
I have not told you yet —
The portion of the vision
Which I can ne'er forget --

Of a sweet young face half buried
In the great old cushioned chair;
Of a form of grace and beauty,
And a wealth of golden hair;

Of a dainty foot sly peeping
From 'neath the snowy dress,
At which the kitten's leaping,
With cunning playfulness;

Of the little hands now toying
With her kerchief's fancy hem;
Oh, if I were beside her,
How soon I'd prison them.

How oft I've sat and clasped them,
While our eyes were speaking love;
How oft I've knelt beside her
In prayer to Him above.

Her name in my petitions
At evening prayer arose,
For all the choicest blessings
A gracious God bestows.

At last the vision fadeth:
Oh, would I were to-day
One of that happy circle
I've seen so far away.

# AWAY FROM THEE.

Away from thee, my soul's delight,
The time drags wearily away;
Each moment seems to me an hour,
And every hour appears a day.

Away from thee, my darling one,
My lonely heart is ever sad;
I'm pining for thy presence sweet,
That always made my spirit glad.

Away from thee, my only love,
I miss the music of thy voice —
The merry laugh, the winning smile,
That ever bade my soul rejoice.

Away from thee, my life, my hope,
A restless longing fills my heart —
A void the world can never fill —
Which thou alone can'st bid depart.

Away from thee, my absent bride,
All joy is woe, and pleasure pain,
Until I look upon thy face,
And clasp thee to my heart again.

# MY WOOING.

My arm was resting round her waist,
  Her hand was clasped in mine;
Her head reposed upon my breast --
  Oh, happiness divine!
And then I stole a hasty kiss;
I hope I was not wrong in this,
Because *one* of us was *a-miss.*

I whispered softly in her ear
  My burning tale of love;
And trembling tried, 'twixt hope and fear,
  The maiden's heart to move.
But not a word the darling said,
And motionless, that golden head
Lay on my heart, as if 'twere dead.

Again I asked her to be mine —
  To utter one sweet word.
Alas! the beating of my heart
  Was all the sound I heard.
Moved by her silence, long and deep,
I ventured in her face to peep,
And found that she was *fast asleep!*

# YES, OR NO.

Wilt thou love me as I have e'er loved thee,
And be mine own thro' life, for weal or woe?
Wilt thou become the blessing of my heart?
I pray thee answer, maiden, yes, or no.

Thy head is bowed, thine eyes are turned away,
Upon thy cheek I see the crimson glow;
Is it for me, dear one, or is it not?
What means thy silence, maiden? Yes, or no?

Is there another dearer yet than me,
Who owns the treasure that I covet so?
Are this dear hand and heart all lost to me?
Oh! tell me truly, maiden, yes, or no.

Wilt thou not speak and tell me of my fate?
May I still linger here, or must I go?
Remember, all my hopes of happiness
Depend upon thy answer — yes, or no.

Thy soft hand trembles in my loving grasp —
Upon my breast thy head is drooping low;
And there forever may it safely rest —
I have thy answer, darling — yes, or no!

## WHAT THEN?

Your hand, dearest lady, is soft and white,
As it gently rests in mine to-night;
I have pressed it fondly again and again —
Suppose I should kiss it just now, what then?

Your form, fairest lady, is beauty and grace —
Lovely, indeed, to compare with your face;
Your waist is so pretty and slender, and then
Suppose I should clasp it just once, what then?

Your lips, sweetest lady — their peers are unknown —
The prettiest tulips that ever were grown.
Oh, could you imagine how tempted I've been:
Suppose I should kiss them just once, what then?

Silence, they say, oftentimes gives consent,
So I thought I would try it, and at it I went;
But a box on my ear set it ringing again,
"You impudent fellow! I'll show you 'What then?'"

## "I LOVE YOU."

How the moonbeams kissed the waves,
  Upon the river dancing!
How beautiful the countless stars
  From heaven's dome were glancing!

How silent were the shaded shores
  Along the moonlit river,
Where not a breeze was heard to sigh,
  And not a leaf to quiver!

How swift the steamer sped along,
  The silver waters cleaving,
And far astern a track of foam
  Along her pathway leaving!

It was a glorious night for love—
  For love in earth or heaven;
And to the maiden by my side
  My tale of love was given:

"O maiden fair! within this heart
  I swear there's none above you!"
Like heavenly music to my ears
  Came the sweet words, "I love you!"

## AT THE FAIR.

THEN and there life's rosy morning
  Dawned upon my spirit's night;
And the dark clouds, backward rolling,
  Show'd me once again the light.

How I reveled in the sunshine —
  How I thanked the One above,
For the priceless gifts He gave me —
  Such an one as *thee* to love!

Youth and beauty all around me —
  All seemed gay and joyful there,
But my jewel was the brightest,
  And I the happiest at the Fair!

But I ne'er have ceased to love thee,
  From the time I saw thee there;
And I bless that hallowed evening
  When I met thee at the Fair!

## UNWORTHY.

I KNOW you wonder why I do not speak
The love which often mantles o'er my cheek;
Which binds me pris'ner ever at your side,
And bids me in your love and truth confide;
Which cheers my way thro' life's uncertain track,
And when I wander brings me safely back.
Why am I silent when 'tis all so plain —
Try to conceal it when 'tis all in vain?
I'll tell you now why I did never speak:
'Twas not because my courage was too weak,
'Twas not because of want of faith in you;
Or that my love was not most pure and true.
'Twas not because I never longed to press
That little hand in love's soft tenderness,
And ask you for it with your gentle heart,
That we no more in earth or Heaven should part.
It was not this, for I have often yearned
To tell you of the holy love that burned,
Deep in my soul, for you and you alone,
And which a vital part of me has grown.
I longed to linger prostrate at your feet,
And there my tale of love and hope repeat;
But a dark shadow, which you could not see,
Would ever interpose 'twixt you and me,
And then a low, firm voice would speak within,

"Thou art unworthy, O thou man of sin!"
'Twould thrust me back from all my hopes so fair
Into the darkness of my own despair!

So I will keep my love a pris'ner still,
E'en tho' my life it may with sorrow fill.
It is not meet that one so pure should be
Mated forever to a wretch like me.
But since I've loved you I have better grown,
Seeking for bygone errors to atone;
Your guileless spirit so pervades my heart
That evil thoughts for evermore depart,
And I may yet be worthy of your love —
The boon I prize all earthly wealth above;
O blissful hope! henceforth my aim shall be
To prove my worthiness, dear one, of thee!

## ALTHEA.

MISFORTUNE's clouds were hovering round,
The sun of peace obscuring,
And I was laden to the ground
With sorrows past enduring;
The world was all a blank to me,
My heart was well-nigh breaking;
I wished for — oh, how earnestly —
That sleep that knows no waking.

At last there came a ray of light,
Through sorrow's clouds appearing —
There came an angel fair and bright,
My saddened spirit cheering;
Her face so full of hope and love,
So like an angel seeming —
Was like a star in Heaven above,
Upon my life-path beaming.

The light of happiness once more
Within my heart was dawning;
The night of darkness now was o'er,
And all was bright as morning.
Oh, woman's love! what magic power
In that sweet sound is lying,
To cheer us in misfortune's hour,
And keep our hopes from dying.

## OLD MELODIES.

'Tis long ago since I heard you sing
Those melodies so sad and sweet,
In that peaceful cottage home of yours,
Where we so often used to meet.

'Tis long ago since I heard the birds
Singing around that happy home;
Vainly they sought to rival you,
Then soared away in the azure dome.

'Tis long ago since the south wind sighed
Among the elms before the door;
The old trees fell in the wintry blast,
And the humble cottage is no more.

'Tis long ago since I heard the brook
Babbling along thro' wood and field,
Now hid beneath the o'erhanging shrubs,
Now in the sunlight clear revealed.

My life has been like the brook since then —
Now in shadow, and then in light;
But I've ne'er forgotten those happy times,
In the brightest day or darkest night.

And I never hear an olden song,
Or the joyous birds, or the sighing breeze,
But I think of you in your cottage home,
When you sang those dear old melodies!

# THE SONGS I LOVE.

FOR MUSIC.

ANOTHER day of toil is o'er,
And I am weary, love, to-night;
Come, sing the song I love once more,
'Twill make my heavy spirits light.
Come, and extend your potent sway
To lift my soul all cares above;
Come, darling, sit you down and play,
And sing to me the songs I love.

CHORUS.— The songs I love — you know the ones —
The same you sang in days of yore,
I'll ne'er forget those hallowed tones,
Then sing the songs I love once more.

When first those glorious strains I heard
I stood in rapture by your side,
And drank in every note and word
That left your lips in music's tide;
'Twas sweeter melody to me
Than angel minstrelsy above,
It filled my soul with ecstacy —
Then sing again the songs I love.

CHORUS.

Tho' time has quickly rolled along,
And you and I are young no more,
I well remember every song
You sang to me in days of yore;
Come, dearest, sing again to-night,
These gloomy spirits to remove,
Turn these sad thoughts to mem'ries bright,
Oh, sing again the songs I love.

CHORUS.

## THE PICTURE.

OH, I will look upon this face
So beautiful and dear to me,
When I am speeding from this place
To distant lands beyond the sea.

And I will think of those fair days
We passed together long ago,
When all was bright as summer rays,
And we knew not of care or woe!

And I will know that these sweet eyes
Will sometimes shed a tear for me;
And these pure lips send to the skies
A prayer for him beyond the sea!

And I will pray for thee, dear girl,
And wear thy picture near my heart
Until we meet again at last,
And meet again no more to part.

# ONLY ONE.

THERE is only one in the great, wide world
  Who can waken the chords of love in me;
She is many a mile away to-night,
  But her fair young face I can plainly see;
Her eyes can look into my heart,
  And chase all gloom and doubt away,
Bidding the shadows all depart,
  And making all as bright as day.

There is only one in the great, wide world
  Who can brighten up the darkest hour,
And make the desert of my life
  A beautiful and blooming bower.
She wieldeth no magician's wand,
  Nor is she versed in mystic lore;
But, ah! such wondrous miracles
  I never saw performed before.

There is only one who holds my fate
  Within the palm of her little hand.
Alas! why should I longer wait,
  And like a trembling culprit stand?
Ah, gentle maid, so fondly loved,
  Use well the power to thee given —
To plunge my soul in deep despair
  Or raise it to the bliss of Heaven.

## THE DISCOVERY.

You thought to keep your love a secret close,
And me a prisoner 'twixt hope and fear;
Long have I sought, in vain, to know the truth,
But now I have it — an assurance dear.

I read the story in your downcast eye,
And in the glowing beauty of your cheek;
I felt it in the trembling of your hand,
As I implored you, but last night, to speak.

I know you love me, and 'tis bliss supreme,
The knowledge of a love so pure as yours;
I will return it with a love as pure,
Then end this deep suspense my heart endures.

O dearest one, blast not my fondest hopes,
And your own future happiness as well;
Bestow the hand on him who has the heart —
*I know you love me*, though you will not tell!

# LOST.

When I think of the happy days of yore,
And the many pleasant hours we spent;
When I think how guileless you were then,
In your humble home of sweet content;

When I think of what you were of old —
So beautiful, and pure, and good —
And then remember what you *are*,
My stricken heart sheds tears of blood.

Do you ever think of those happy days,
When alone in your gilded home of sin?
Do you ever think of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Or those mournful words, "What might have been?"

Ah, yes, poor girl, for you asked for me,
But you will ask and wait in vain;
You were my friend in bygone days,
But now — *we must never meet again.*

Poor fallen one! I entreat you pause,
And think of the future's awful store!
Pray, pray, for pardon while there's time,
Ere you are *lost for evermore.*

## TO ELLA.

THERE'S a nameless charm about thee,
A radiance in thy face,
A glory in thy glances
And about thy form of grace. .

There's a sweetness in their accents,
When I hear thy silvery voice;
There's a heavenly beauty in thee
That makes my heart rejoice.

There's an air of peace around thee,
And thy laugh rings loud and clear,
So all seems joy and gladness,
And sorrow comes not near.

There's sunshine all about thee,
And the greatest joy I knew
Was ever to be near thee—
It made me happy, too.

O happy, joyous maiden!
Long may thy heart be light;
And may thy youth's bright morning
Ne'er know dark sorrow's night.

# THAT KISS.

## TO THE ONE THAT GAVE IT.

How well I remember the time,
In fact, I'll never forget it —
It was very near dinner-time,
And the table was set, for I set it.

And they were all bidding adieu,
And shaking of hands and kissing,
And during the hullabulloo,
I was shortly *found missing.*

But no one had bid *me* good-bye,
And no one had offered to kiss me,
'Till all at once *you*, looking round,
Began, I suppose, to miss me.

Soon all alone you espied me,
Then like a fairy came tripping
Up to where I sat as sheepish
As if I had just had a whipping.

And putting your white arms around me —
Alas! then how could I resist thee
When with such sweet fetters round me —
Ah, well, I'll out with it, you kissed me.

A half-score of years have now passed
Since that sweet moment of bliss,
But as long as this life shall last
So long I'll remember that kiss.

# LINES

## TO A DEAR FRIEND.

I REMEMBER well of a little child
  Who won my heart in days gone by
With the gentle music of her voice
  And the merry glances of her eye.

An aching void was in my heart
  For dearly loved ones, lately flown
From this uncertain world of woe
  To one where sorrow is unknown.

And so I took her to my heart,
  And loved her as a sister dear,
And fondly watched her as she grew
  In grace and beauty year by year.

And now a maiden tall and fair,
  With sweet sixteen upon her brow,
Is still the dearest friend I have —
  I dare not call her sister now.

Dear lady, will you think of me
  When fate may part our earthly ways?
Will you remember him who saw
  And loved you in those early days?

God grant our friendship may endure
  As long as life or hope or love;
And when our mission here is o'er,
  Oh, may it be renewed above.

## UNDER THE ELMS.

Do you remember the days, Mary,
How bright they used to be,
When we sat beneath those grand old trees
And looked out on the sea?

Do you remember the beach, Mary,
Where I gathered shells for you?
When the grateful smile you gave to me
Was the greatest joy I knew?

Do you remember the sun, Mary,
Which sank beneath the waves?
How its dying light would gild the woods
And the ocean's countless graves?

Do you remember our words, Mary,
Those vows of love and truth?
Do you love me now as in those bright days —
Those happy days of youth?

I have not forgotten you, Mary,
Tho' the years have rolled away,
And sorrow's blight is on my life —
I am true to you to-day.

I love you dearly still, Mary,
And I'm waiting patiently
For the time when we shall meet again —
God grant it soon may be.

Then I will tell you all, Mary,
And we shall part no more;
And pleasure's sun will shine again
As in the days of yore.

## FALSE AND TRUE.

I LEFT you, darling, years ago,
And sailed away across the sea;
You vowed, whatever might betide,
You'd evermore be true to me.

I sailed away to distant lands,
And suffered much by field and flood;
Yet gathered in the golden store
Until, at last, content I stood.

What lovely visions filled my soul,
Of happiness and honors grand
With her I longed so much to see,
As I sailed for my native land!

But storms o'ertook our noble ship,
And soon she sank beneath the waves;
Some men were on an island cast,
While some were lost in briny graves.

For many, many weary months
I've wandered in vain search for thee,
And now I've found thee out, at last,
Alive and well, but dead to me.

Another one calls thee his own —
His children perched upon thy knee;
Better the waves o'er me had flown,
And I, too, slept beneath the sea.

May God forgive thee, fair, false one,
For all the woe thou bringest me;
And though my heart is crushed and dead,
I pray that thou wilt happy be.

## BEAUTY.

You say you would be beautiful,
So that you may be loved by all;
For Beauty is the magic shrine
Before which Love will prostrate fall.

This may be so; but as for me,
I look beyond the face and form;
I seek a heart that's good and true,
A spirit loving, pure, and warm.

Let others deem thee as they will —
Let them believe thee plain or fair,
I've an opinion of my own,
And I would tell you if I dare.

Oh, I would tell you, dearest girl,
Tho' fairer maidens there may be,
There is not one in all the earth
Who seems so beautiful to me!

# WOUNDED.

Thou'st wounded the heart that loved thee,
And never caused thee pain —
Thou'st wounded that heart so deeply
'Twill never heal again.

Perhaps you thought it was nothing,
For words are little things;
But the little bees, proud maiden,
Have very cruel stings.

I have loved thee well and truly,
But all is ended now;
Fate has decreed our parting,
And to my fate I bow.

Perhaps you'll think of me often —
It may be with regret;
For if you have loved as I have,
You never can forget.

And I pray thee in the future
Remember what has been:
There's many a wound inflicted
By mortal eyes unseen.

# HAUNTED.

When 'mid the throng of revelers,
And forms of beauty round me shine,
One lovely face and graceful form
Alone I see, and they are thine.

When all alone in some wild wood,
Some valley green, or shady dell,
A fair young face looks down on me—
The face of her I love so well.

When 'mid the cares and toils of life,
Beset by troubles everywhere,
That face appears amid the strife,
And all again is bright and fair.

When, in the silence of the night,
Strange dreams and visions visit me,
That heavenly face pervades them all,
And fills my soul with ecstacy.

Thus I am haunted, night and day,
Asleep, awake, where'er I rove,
By thy sweet face; and so I pray
That thou wilt bless me with thy love.

# NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER again shall those eyes beam upon me,
Filled with the luster of holiest love;
They are now closed in an enduring slumber,
Only to open in mansions above.
Only to gaze upon heavenly glories,
Pictured so brightly in Scriptural stories;
Never again to be clouded with sorrow—
Never to know an unhappy to-morrow.

Never again shall those pure lips be parted,
Breathing soft accents of welcome to me,
Warbling the songs that to me were the sweetest,
When from the toils of the day I was free.
Now the blest lips of an angel are singing,
*There* where the glorious anthems are ringing—
There where the parted meet no more to sever—
There they are chanting God's praises forever.

Never again shall I stoop to caress her,
Smoothing the bright hair away from her brow,
Never again shall I gaze on her beauty—
Beauty, alas! that has fled from me now.
Never again!—but surely I'm dreaming!
Oh, what a hope on my spirit is beaming!
Surely we'll meet when life's battle is over—
Surely we'll dwell in the House of Jehovah!

# THE BETROTHAL.

AIR: "THE CAPTAIN."

'Twas a calm Sunday night—oh, how happy I was,
As I sat by the side of my beautiful coz!
We were talking of love, when she roguishly said:
"Did you e'er love a maiden well enough to wed?"
"Oh, yes," I replied, "let me show you the lass—
Step this way, if you please, by the light of the gas."
"Her picture," she cried, "oh, pray, let me see,
For I'd much like to know who the lady may be."

I took her by the hand and led her away
Where the gas-lights were burning in brilliant array;
I paused at the mirror—we stood side by side—
"Behold there," I said, "whom I wish for my bride!"
I trembled, I know, and the hot blushes came,
But I looked down at her—she was doing the same.
"Oh, tell me," I whispered, as o'er her I bent,
"Do you think the fair lady would give her consent?"

How my heart was a-thumping beneath my white vest
As her head sank so lovingly down on my breast;
How my arm all unconsciously crept round her waist,
And oh, how delicious her sweet lips did taste!
How I pressed the fair hand I longed to possess!
And what music there was in that faint little "Yes!"
But I hear the same voice e'en now as I write,
As she chidingly says, "Oh, why tell of that night?"

## CONSTANCY.

In childhood we were steadfast friends,
And friendship ripened into love,
With *me*, at least, as day by day,
Along life's sunny paths we'd rove.

Without her what were life to me?
I'd surely perish broken-hearted
If she another's bride should be,
And we forever thus be parted.

Time changes all things, so they say,
And I begin to think 'tis true;
For I received the other day
A charming little *billet-doux.*

*Her* wedding! Were our hearts then broke?
I smiled and thought of "auld lang syne"—
Danced gaily at her wedding then,
As she soon after danced at mine!

## NO MORE.

O CRUEL maiden, can it be
You have no other word for me?
Is this thy final, dread decree
To one who lives alone for thee?

No more! Behold the shining hopes,
  Which I so long have cherished,
All crushed and broken at my feet —
  Thus all my dreams have perished!

No more! So I may never gaze
  Again into those eyes of thine,
  And fondly clasp your hand in mine,
As in those olden days!

But memory is *sometimes* sweet —
There is a deep, secure retreat
  Left in this broken heart;
I'll bury there this love of mine
Until the ruthless hand of Time
  Destroyeth every part!

## AT LAST.

The long, long agony is o'er,
And thou art all mine own;
The sun shines in my heart once more,
It seems as if the pearly door
Of Heaven was open thrown,
And care is all unknown.

After so many, weary years
Of waiting, toiling love —
After so many hopes and fears,
After so many bitter tears,
I've won thee, precious dove.
I thank Thee, God above!

And when the cold and sombre shade
Of death is o'er us cast —
When this our pilgrimage is made,
And 'neath the willows we are laid,
May God forgive the past
And take us home *at last!*

# DEPARTED.

## SONG.

ONE lovely night in summer time
My love and I were walking
Along the moon-lit garden path,
In love's low cadence talking.
At last we reached the cottage door,
And there my love dismissed me;
But as I clasped her hand in mine,
And said "Good-night," she kissed me.

CHORUS: I've wandered forth from clime to clime,
But love hath never missed me,
For I could ne'er forget the time
When first sweet Lulu kissed me.

Long years are flown, and all alone
Beside a grave I'm weeping,
Alas! beneath this humble stone
My Lulu dear is sleeping.
O Death! unyielding conqueror!
What power can resist thee?
She was an angel ere thy touch
Chilled the pure lips that kissed me!

CHORUS: I've wandered, etc.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember the sylvan grove,
Where hand in hand we used to rove
To the mossy rock in the deep, cool dell,
Where the tiny cascade gently fell,
And while the birds around, above,
Sang sweetly, we would talk of love?

Do you remember the words I said —
No other maiden I e'er should wed?
I looked down in your eyes of blue
And thought none half so dear as you;
And when you all my love repaid,
We never dreamed that love could fade.

Alas for blissful hopes of youth,
And promises of love and truth,
*You've* been a bride for many a year,
And *I* am not your husband dear;
But I have long been wedded, too,
And she who wed me was not *you*.

Nor are our hearts quite broken yet;
And I, for one, will ne'er forget
Those happy days of youth and peace
Until my memory shall cease —
Bright spots of May in life's December.
I'm very sure you *do* remember.

## A FOREST DREAM.

I SAT me down on a fallen tree,
  Lying across a stream,
To rest my weary limbs, and see
  A grand old forest scene.

The little streamlet's joyous song
  Was music sweet to me,
As it swiftly swept along
  Under the prostrate tree.

And no other sound was heard
  Save the murmuring breeze,
And now and then a little bird,
  Singing amid the trees.

All alone in the mountain wood,
  Weary as I could be,
Reposing in the solitude,
  I slept and dreamed of thee.

I thought at last thy heart has won,
  And we stood side by side,
While the parson made us one,
  Made thee my own dear bride.

Ah, me ! how sweet that dream of bliss,
  But oh, how brief to be ;
For, as I stooped thy cheek to kiss,
  I tumbled off the tree.

# A SCARE.

One winter's night, not many years ago,
When cold and raw December's winds did blow,
And earth was covered with a mantle white,
At village inn I tarried for the night.
Around the stove a merry party sat,
Cracked nuts and jokes, or joined in social chat.
There was the doctor, potent man of pills,
Who strove with *patients* to o'ercome their ills,
While next to him who kept the *body* whole
Sat the poor cobbler, who repaired the *sole ;*
A very honest, unlearned man was he,
Who helped men's *understandings* frequently.
There was the tailor, who was reaping riches
By daily *sewing tears* and making breeches.
There was the man of corpulence, the squire,
Whose nose displayed the radiance of fire.
There was a cripple in rheumatic's clutches,
And who for years had hobbled round on crutches.
There was a pedagogue, a deacon meek,
An aged negro, and a modern Greek ;
And many more, of whom I will not speak,
Composed a party jovial and unique.
The sounds of merriment were growing louder,
When one of them produced a can of powder.
He passed it round, and asked if any could
Inform him if the article was good.

All said it was. "You do not know," said he;
"I'll put it in the stove myself, and see."
I saw him then (unseen by any other)
Conceal the one can and produce another.
Said he, "You know the powder's good; 'tis well;
And now I'm going to blow you all to h——!
But some of you *may* go to paradise!"
The party gazed at him in dumb surprise;
And ere they could prevent his mad desire
He coolly thrust the vessel in the fire!
The scene that followed I shall ne'er forget —
Those yells and curses — I can hear them yet!
The cripple left his *extra limbs* behind,
For in his fright they wholly slipped his mind!
He, notwithstanding, made a quick retreat,
And was the first to gain the open street.
And then ensued a scene of dire distress,
For now there was no way to gain egress,
The old fat squire was in the doorway jammed,
While the *good* deacon actually damned!
The worthy cobbler, in the corner penned,
Imagined he was waxing near the end;
The tailor now for mercy loud did shout,
And thought his thread of life well nigh spun out;
The negro motionless lay on the floor,
While over all I heard poor Paddy roar,
"St. Patrick, save us!" And then made a dash,
And thro' the window went, head first, "kersmash!"
The wicked wag lay flat upon the floor,
And rolled and laughed till he could laugh no more,

To see them scamper like a flock of sheep,
And after Paddy thro' the window leap!
A lucky thing, the window was quite low,
And there they were, all sprawling in the snow.
The wag approached the window and looked out,
Then to the fleeing villagers did shout:
"Come back, you fools, and listen for a minute —
There is no danger, *there was nothing in it!*"

## A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

THE noon of night! Deep silence reigned around,
I was in bed, and slumber most profound;
But soon awaking, felt a presence near,
Altho' no sound broke on my list'ning ear.

I rose with caution and obtained a light,
When what a vision met my startled sight —
A bloated villain lay upon my bed,
With full intent my precious blood to shed!

The monster saw me, and then tried to flee,
But I pursued and gained the mastery;
O'ercome with rage, I slew him on the spot,
And stained my soul with murder's crimson blot.

Ah! then remorse, the hideous phantom, came,
And kindled in my breast its seething flame;
Once more I gazed to see if life had fled —
Alas! too late! the poor *bed-bug* was dead!

## MEDIATION.

### 1862.

To Mr. Bull or Mr. Crapeau
  I should like to say a word or two:
Before you meddle with our affairs,
  Consider well on what you do!

Now, there's our worthy President
  A joke or anecdote will try,
To point the moral of his words,
  And so, most eager friends, will I.

I passed along the street one day,
  When, from within a house near by,
I heard the evil one to pay —
  A man's fierce oaths — a woman's cry!

I rushed within to see the row —
  A Paddy *argued* with his wife;
He used a stick and she the tongs —
  In truth, it was a bloody strife.

By Jove! I thought, this will not do!
  I interfered to set them free,
When — would you think it, distant friends? —
  Both of the brutes *pitched into me!*

## AN ORDEAL.

That man is most supremely blest
Who is of patience well possessed —
That source of happiness whence flows
A balm for nearly all our woes.

Job was a very patient man ;
We should be like him if we can ;
For we're as much in need of patience
As that great man of tribulations.

He suffered very much, 'tis true ;
But there are plagues he never knew ;
And one, I'm sure the worst of all,
Would even Job's stout heart appal.

'Tis hard to call upon your fair,
And find that puppy Scroggins there ;
'Tis hard to hear that rich aunt's dead,
And has not left you "ary red."

'Tis hard to be by mad dog bitten ;
'Tis hard to "pop" and "get the mitten";
'Tis hard to lose an arm or ——
Kind reader, I your pardon beg.

'Tis hard when you attempt to borrow,
To be desired to call to-morrow;
'Tis hard to face an old maid's rage,
Because you merely asked her age.

'Tis hard to have "that little bill"
Poked in your face turn where you will,
Until, at last, all patience done,
You foot the bill — also the dun!

'Tis hard, ye bachelors forlorn,
When rising on a frosty morn,
To find the buttons all are gone
From that clean shirt, except just one!

'Tis hard, when coming from the play,
To see the last car roll away;
'Tis raining beautifully — very,
And you must "hoof it" to the ferry!

'Tis hard, after that parting horn,
To start for home at early morn,
And find that thieves have been before,
And stole the key-hole of the door!

'Tis hard, when strolling up Broadway,
To see before a damsel gay —
To praise her plump and graceful figure,
And then discover its a — colored lady!

'Tis hard to stand your friend's sly snicker,
So you at once propose to "liquor."
Agreed! The little bill you cancel,
And say no more about the damsel!

All this you think is hard! 'Tis bliss,
'Tis ecstacy, compared to this,
Great trial to be overcome,
Before which Job would e'en succumb;

A trial which you needs must bear
When you have not a dime to spare;
Invoke not Patience, now, 'twould craze her
To see man shave with a dull razor!

## A QUANDARY.

His head was bowed upon his breast —
His hands were thrust amid his hair —
He sat upon the bed half dressed,
The very picture of despair.

Ah, me! I thought, what grief is here!
My friend — what could have moved him so?
I sought his side and tried to cheer
His heart, and find his cause of woe.

I asked him if he was in debt,
*Minus* the "wherewithal" to pay?
Or, what was more important yet,
In love? To which he answered "Nay."

I then asked if he was unwell?
Whether some cherished friend had died?
Or else, perhaps, the stocks had fell?
"Oh, no! 'tis none of these," he sighed.

And so I questioned him through all
The catalogue of human ills,
Which overtake us one and all,
E'en as capricious Fortune wills.

"Alas!" he said, "you cannot tell —
My trouble is beyond your ken!"
And solemnly his visage fell,
And he was deep in thought again.

Out of all patience, then, I cried,
I pray you let me know the worst.
"Well, then," he said, "I can't decide
Which of my boots to pull off first!"

## THE GHOST.

It was a chilly winter's night,
When I was trudging home alone,
I'd been out courting rather late,
As I before had often done.

The moon shone brightly on the snow,
And on the leafless forest trees,
Whose naked limbs croaked dismally
Before the rushing nor'west breeze.

I heeded not old Boreas' breath,
For I was clad to meet the storm;
And full of thoughts of her I'd left,
*Perhaps* 'twas love that kept me warm!

I raised my head to find how far
The distance yet 'twixt me and home,
And found I'd reached the old graveyard,
Where ghosts and ghouls were said to roam.

Even as I gazed an object white
Rose slowly from behind the wall,
While I stood "rooted to the spot"—
Perhaps that's why I did not fall!

A moment since I felt no cold,
  But now I shivered like a leaf;
That I had then an ague fit
  Has to this day been my belief.

At length I overcame my fright —
  I mean my slight indisposition —
And threw a stone with all my might,
  Straight at the horrid apparition.

At this it gave a sudden leap,
  And scampered off with all its force;
And I discovered that my "ghost"
  Was nothing but an old white horse!

# INDEX.


A Christmas Offering, 146.
A Forest Dream, 207.
After the Shower, 32.
Again, 115.
Air Castles, 15.
All's Well, 106.
Alone, 137.
Althea, 184.
Amelia, 157.
A Midnight Tragedy, 210.
A New Year's Gift, 149.
An Ordeal, 212.
Another, 166.
Another's, 168.
A Prayer, 52.
A Quandary, 214.
A Requiem, 150.
Arthur Lee, 156.
A Scare, 208.
Asleep, 89.
A Soldier's Grave, 123.
At Last, 204.
At Rest, 162.
At the Fair, 181.
Awake, 88.
Away From Thee, 176.

Beauty, 197.

Coming Home, 120.
Conquered, 102.
Constancy, 202.
Contentment, 26.

Dedication, 85.
Delusions, 13.
Departed, 205.
Disenchanted, 92.
Do You Remember, 206.
Dreams, 10.

Ellsworth, 111.
Estelle, 142.
Evening Prayer, 141.

Fading, 73.
False and True, 195.
Far Away, 174.
Farewell, 66.
Flown, 151.
Forgive and Forget, 62.
Friendship, 94.

Going Home, 153.
Gone, 145.
Good Night, 59.

Hallowed, 173.
Haunted, 199.
Hidden Griefs, 39.
Home Again, 67.
Homeless, 60.
Hypocrisy, 50.

I Cannot Love Another, 169.
Idolatry, 55.
I Love You, 180.
In Memoriam, 155.
In State, 19.

Life and Death, 161.
Life's Changes, 14.

Light, 119.
Lines to a Dear Friend, 193.
Lost, 190.
Love, 164.
Lulu, 136.

Mediation, 211.
Mementos, 70.
Minerva, 21.
Morn, Noon, and Night, 22.
Morning, 23.
My Home, 125.
My Love, 165.
My Wooing, 177.

National Hymn, 100.
Never Again, 200.
Never Despair, 77.
Night, 24.
No More, 203.
Now and Then, 51.

Oblivion, 75.
Old Letters, 90.
Old Melodies, 185.
Old Times, 126.
One by One, 44.
One Year Ago, 152.
On Lincoln's Death, 18.
Only One, 188.
Our Beautiful Banner, 118.
Our Benefactor's Death, 17.
Our Idol, 99.
Over the Ferry, 69.
Over the Way, 46.

Peace and War, 104.
Poems, 7.
Poet and Painter, 33.

Remember Me, 84.
Resignation, 160.

Saturday Night, 95.
Saved, 29.
Sixty-one and Sixty-two, 101.
Snowing, 83.
Spring, 80.
Summer, 81.
Summer Nights, 93.

Tearless, 45.
Temptation, 42.
Thanksgiving, 1865, 48.
That Kiss, 192.
The Betrothal, 201.
The Bride of Death, 140.
The Children, 58.
The "Cumberland," 116.
The Dawn of Love, 163.
The Discovery, 189.
The Dove, 56.
The Evening Star, 131.
The Fading Light, 68.
The Flight of Time, 74.
The Forest Grave, 40.
The Ghost, 216.
The Holy Comforter, 62.
The Invalid, 134.
The Last Man, 117.
The Little Heroine, 96.
The Lord's Prayer, 70.
The Marble Heart, 76.
The New Life, 43.
The Old Cradle, 138.
The Old Homestead, 128.
The Picture, 187.
The Pilot, 78.
The Poet, 8.
The Repulse, 108.

The Silent City, 158.
The Sleigh Ride, 130.
The Songs I Love, 186.
The Tempest, 79.
The Transformation, 170.
The Two Homes, 132.
The Wreck, 28.
Three in the Morning, 54.
To a Soldier, 124.
To Ella, 191.
To-morrow, 112.
Too Late, 65.
To One Bereaved, 143.
To Willie, 144.
Trifles, 64.
Twenty-one. 72.
Under the Elms, 194.
Unworthy, 182.
Upon the Bay, 86.

Waiting, 30.
Watching, 31.
What Then, 179.
When Good Men Die, 154.
Why, 172.
Winter, 82.
Work, 52.
Wounded, 198.

Yes or No, 178.
Youth, 20.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 211 906 0